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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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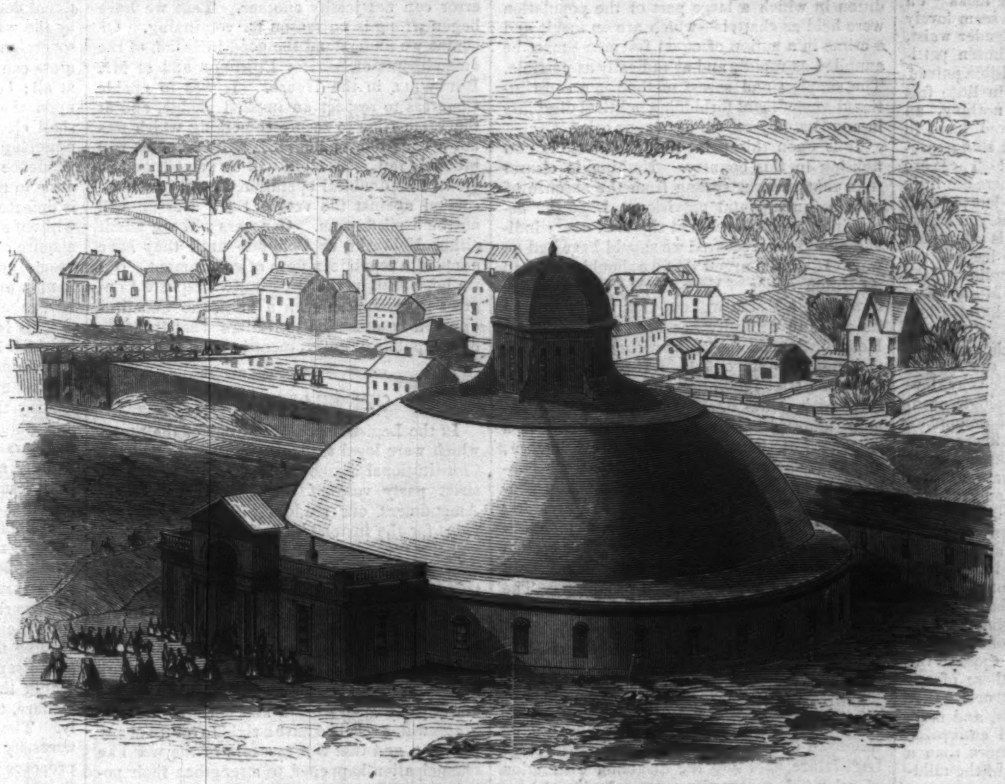
SKATING RINKS.

WHEN the question as to the derivation of the word "Rink" came before the Philomathean Coterie recently, the learned Professor SKAATS thus propounded—referring to TRENCH on Words, and other kindred authorities:

"Rink," he remarked, "is analogous to the English 'Ring.' We trace its origin to remote antiquity, and find its synonym in the Swedish *rynka*, Danish *rynke*, Saxon *wrincle*, a strictly hyperborean word, found only in the nomenclature of the high latitudes. It is certainly a 'new wrinkle' in this region, whatever it might have been to the Saxons.—[Here he smiled grimly.] While I am not positive that the word, in its primary use, was applied to skating inclosures exclusively—as it is with us now—it is evident that it came, in time, to embrace the varied places of amusement among the fashionable Danish, Swedish, and Finn-ian circles. At all events, the affinity of the Rink to the Frigid Zone is established beyond a doubt."

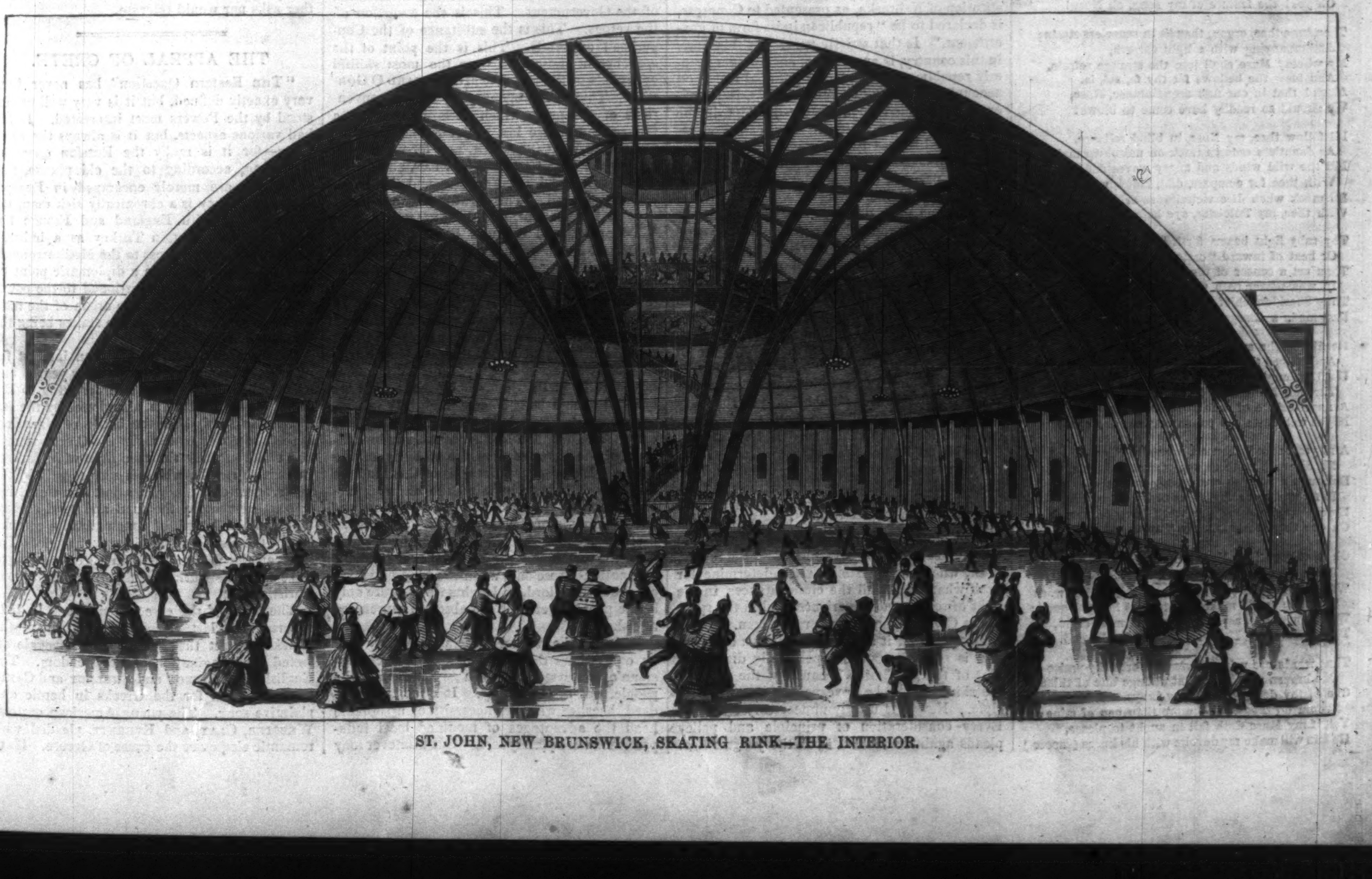
Here the Professor was interrupted by a "head-centre," who asked how he reconciled such a conclusion with the fact of so many *Miss-skaters* being invariably found in all Rinks? The question evidently floored him, for he proceeded no farther in his investigation of the subject.



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SKATING RINK—THE EXTERIOR.

It is certain that Rinks, in the generic sense, can never become an "institution" in the United States, because the winter temperature is too fickle. So far we indorse the Professor's climatic theory. Our periods of severe cold are of but short duration, and seldom intense enough to freeze a large surface of water that is inclosed by a roof and walls, as is the case with all *bona fide* Rinks. We have no genuine Rinks here. What are called such are mere misnomers. A sheet of ice, inclosed by a fence or a row of sheds, is not a Rink, whatever adjuncts may be employed to make it attractive to the community of skaters. A "Blue-nose" or a "Canuck" would laugh at such abortions. In the British Provinces, where the Rink exists in its full and sublime perfection, we find structures as spacious and graceful as a World's Fair Palace, whose crystal floors are nightly renewed and polished to gleaming by the biting frost. Each night the icy arena is planed by a machine and flooded to the depth of an inch; and then, through every opened door and window, the keen air is admitted to harden and glaze the surface for the next day's sport. From December until March, throughout the long and dreary winter, the Rink affords the chief and constant centre of attraction; before it all other festivities pale their fires. It is the Social Circle of the Provincial *élite;* and the unfortunate in petticoats or trowsers who is not a member thereof, might as well count himself out of society altogether. All the chief cities of Canada boast their skating Rinks. Montreal has a model one; but for extent, adaptation to the purposes for which it is designed, and beauty of detail, that at St. John, New Brunswick, unquestionably bears off the palm. We present in this issue of the *Weekly* an interior and exterior view of the structure.

This Rink is owned by an incorporated stock company, with a capital of $16,000, which paid an 8 per cent. dividend the first year. The main structure is of circular form, 160 feet in diameter, and covers an area of 20,000 superficial feet. It is an immense dome, resting upon perpendicular walls 20 feet high and pierced with 39 windows, and is surmounted by a graceful cupola, or lantern, the apex of which is 80 feet from the ground. This lantern contains 24 windows, throwing light directly into the interior of the structure. Within, and girting the extreme circumference, is a platform, or promenade, 10 feet wide, for the accommodation of spectators. In the centre is a circular frame-work containing a spacious stand for the band, from which a spiral iron staircase ascends to two circular galleries, one above the other, the highest 50 feet from the ground, whence a birds-eye view of all that is passing below can be had at a glance. From this focal point also spring the supporting rafters that form the huge dome which constitutes the chief feature of the design, producing an effect airy and graceful in the extreme: it can not be better described in terms unarchitectural than to liken it to a fountain whose waters, springing from the centre, fall in majestically-sweeping curves to the outer perimeter. All the area between the band-stand and the circular promenade is covered with ice, which is flooded daily from the City Water-Works. The outside front is two stories high, with decorated entablature, and contains waiting and refreshment rooms, dressing-rooms, and the residence of the janitor. The whole edifice cost about $12,000, and is in every respect credita-



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SKATING RINK—THE INTERIOR.

ble to its projectors, and an ornament to the city.

Nothing can be more inspiriting than the scene to be witnessed here on a gala night. All through the spacious vault above hang pendent clusters of gas jets, whose gleams are reproduced and multiplied in the polished surface beneath; wreaths and coronals of blazing lights encircle the central scaffolding: lights twinkle high up among the overarching rafters, and blaze along the whole circumference of the outer walls. In the midst of the restless, ever-changing throng, the regimental band discourses the liveliest strains. The flashing scarlet uniforms of the Line officers mix and mingle with the more sombre hues. Shapely elfin figures flit, vanish, and reappear. The scenes shift with marvelous rapidity, like the combinations of a kaleidoscope; here a flutter of a ribbon, there the flash of a scarlet Balmoral, a shapely pair of ankles in the distance, with gas-light glistening at the heels! Anon an expert glides swiftly into an open space, cuts a figure on the outside edge, spins three times, and again subsides into the universal ring. The outsiders that throng the promenade look on approvingly, and admire with enthusiasm. How charming a young lady looks "on ice!" Even the homeliest damsels seem lovely on ice. Jaunty hat with plume, slender waist, skirts gracefully festooned, with crimson petticoat peeping out beneath, a very visible pair of stockings of any positive color, twin little feet delicately poised on perceptibly nothing, an easy sylph-like motion, a tiny gloved hand in yours, masculine reader, and shawl slung carelessly over your unincumbered arm! These are delights that pertain to Rinks. There are little mishaps as well, and many a slip—but pleasant ones. A fall never breaks any bones, you know, and of course your forefending arm is ever ready to interpose between the inexorable ice and the female form divine. And how radiantly she blushes after the fall! Wonder if Mother Eve did the same? A little snow does no harm either, and is brushed off in a twinkling. Up again, the best foot foremost, a merry laugh, and away we glide once more. No wonder the Rink is popular, under the circumstances! Why, love is won and lost there oftener in a single evening than during a whole season of commonplace ball-room monotony. The music keeps one's heart in a constant flutter, and of course a pressure of the hand is necessary to preserve a proper balance. Of this we are assured: and then we go faster round, and more swiftly still, until the gas-lights, which betimes shone down peacefully like stars, now dance and flicker, and seem to chase each other in swift pursuit, and the endless circle of spectators resolves itself into an indefinable ring of jet, within which the sparkling ice flashes like a diamond in its setting!

Doubtless the "so-called" Rinks of New York afford facilities for pleasure equal to those in the Provinces; but did they resemble those of our neighbors more closely in their construction they would be more worthy of the name, and more in keeping with our acknowledged enterprise. Yet it is doubtful if they proved more than a partial success even then, by reason of the mildness of our climate.

AN ODE TO A NOSE.

By CHARLES HALLOCK.

On Nose! chief feature of the human face!
 To whom each varying visage justly owes
Its quaint excess of ugliness or grace,
 'Tis meet to give thee prominence and place,
And make thee, too, the feature of my song;
 Oh yes! the feature of my song, oh Nose!

Then tune thee, organ, though in senseless strain:
 Accompanying with a light catarrh,
My wheezy Muse shall join the strange refrain,
 And blow the bellows for thy fa, sol, la.
Alack! that in our first acquaintance, Nose,
We should so readily have come to blows!

I'll follow thee, my Nose, in blind reliance,
 As dauntless seamen track an unknown main—
Bid the wild winds and angry waves defiance,
 With thee for compass, dial, index, vane;
I'll mock when dire vicissitudes arise,
With thee, my Pole-star, aye before mine eyes.

Thy ruby light beams forth like beacon blaze,
 Or heat of inward "crater" all aglow;
Thou art a censor of the public ways,
 In whatsoever path thou chance to go.
Thus Sheridan, chief of Wits and Beaux,
Erst made a nosegay of his gay nose.

He filched the subtle hue from reddest wine,
 And robbed the mellow punch-bowl of its bloom,
Until at length his nose grew aquiline,
 Through being bent for lack of beaker-room.
A nasal bridge of such portentous size
Might well sustain a punch between the eyes!

And yet, indeed, thou art a goodly Nose—
 No common snub or overgrown proboscis,
But such a nose as every body knows
 Is fitted for the functions of its office.
Here, then, I pause; I've wasted words enough
On one that seems acutely "up to snuff."

Oh most sagacious Nose! most potent Nose!
 When friends desert and bright presages fail;
When life's best hours are fraught with bitter woes
 That fain would make the stoutest hearted quail;
When naught transpires to succor or befriend,
Thou'rt sure, my Nose, to turn up in the end.

Thus words are vain to trumpet forth thy praise—
 One brazen note from that strange lute of thine,
One of thy deep sternutatory brays
 Would do thee justice more than pen of mine;
Yet, if my Muse doth fail in aught to please,
He fain will make my devoirs with his knees [sneeze.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

THE debate upon the Nebraska and Colorado bills has shown the necessity of a final removal of the chief objection to the constitutions offered by those Territories—a removal which can be best effected by an amendment of the organic law. If, however, any one is inclined to look with distrust upon another proposition of constitutional amendment, let him reflect that the abolition of slavery necessitates certain constitutional changes, and that all of them are to be considered simply as inevitable adaptations of the organic law to the changed situation of the country. Slavery is fallen, and all its works must fall with it. The laws which imply slavery—which were the growth of a condition in which a large part of the population were held as chattels—which are an insult and a crime in a nation of equal freemen—must be annulled as rapidly and as radically as possible. The simplest and surest method is a constitutional amendment forbidding political disability in any State by reason of race or color.

It is upon this point that the battle is now fighting in this country. Nothing is clearer than that the war sprang from the absence of such a fundamental provision. If at the beginning the equal political rights of every individual had been secured we should have had no war. It will be urged that we should have had no Union either. Very likely; but we have now tried a Union without that provision, and its absolute necessity has been demonstrated. Henceforth peaceful Union without equal political rights is impossible. However we may theorize about ignorance and degradation, the fact which shines like the sun is, that the common rights of human nature are not safe in a large part of the country without this defense, and it is sheer folly to suppose that the conscience and intelligence of the American people will tolerate such a condition. If any thing is certain, it is that there will be a tremendous agitation until the venom of slavery is expelled from the electoral law. There can be no doubt of the final result of such an agitation. The spirit of caste will be exorcised from our institutions.

In March, 1864, Congress passed an enabling act for Nebraska, and offered to admit the Territory as a State upon compliance with certain conditions. In January, 1867, Congress accepts the Constitution so framed, and admits Nebraska upon further condition that the State Legislature abolishes the disabling distinction of color. But the vigorous and able debate upon this proposition proved a wide difference of opinion among the best lawyers in Congress as to its practical operation, and showed a very general doubt of its legal force. In any case it is easy to see how serious a question might arise under it, and what grievous delays and excitements it would be very sure to produce.

Meanwhile the very terms of the bill of admission, as it passed the Senate and the House, should be very gravely considered. The Constitution of Nebraska, as presented to Congress, is declared to be "republican in its form of government." Is that strictly true? At this time, in this country, is any form of government properly republican which denies political rights on account of color? In other words, is a government founded upon caste republican in the American sense? Venice was called a republic, and so was Florence under the Medici. But in this country, which secured its independent national existence by a declaration of the inalienable and universal equality of rights among men, and declared the consent of the governed to be the only legitimate authority of the Government, neither an oligarchy like Venice nor a Ducal despotism like the Medician Florence can be accounted republican.

It is useless to insist that we have hitherto called Slave States republican. Even if we were now to be absolutely bound by precedent, it would be enough to say that if a State in which half of the people were slaves, but in which also the whole of the freemen were voters, could be called republican, yet the very same State, disfranchising half its freemen, could no longer be called so. But we are not to be bound by this kind of precedent. If, as the very terms of the present argument and the facts of all political history show, the word republican is vague and inexact, and used with very various meanings, the Congress of the United States, constitutionally bound to provide a republican form of government for the States, must, when the question arises, determine for itself what, under all the circumstances, in the light of reason and experience, and in the spirit of the Constitution, is truly republican.

If, therefore, it shall declare that a constitution is republican which politically disables a part of the population because of the color of the skin, it must be governed by its own principle. Now it is utterly unnecessary to say it. Every consideration of principle and policy pleads against it. But if, in the judgment of Congress, it be republican to deny political power to colored citizens in Nebraska and Colorado, it is equally republican to deny it to the same citizens in Georgia and Mississippi. Such a settlement settles nothing. The question remains as peremptory as ever. The action of Congress will merely have hindered the pacification of the country. And if North Carolina asks restoration to the Union upon a constitution altogether satisfactory except in this single point of exclusion, Congress will have prescribed its own action, and can not fairly refuse. The fact that there may be fewer colored citizens in Nebraska than in North Carolina is of no importance. The United States is bound to be as just to one man as to one thousand men.

It seems to us that the phrase "republican form of government" should have been stricken out of the bill. The original error, indeed, was in passing an enabling act so framed that Congress was apparently committed by the acceptance of its conditions to receive the State and to declare its Constitution republican. But one error can not justify another. That we have begun wrong is no reason for continuing. Of course we understand the good intention of the amendments of Senator EDMUNDS and of Mr. BOUTWELL in the House. It was to enable Congress to respect an implied pledge, and at the same time to secure something which was not a condition of the pledge. The effort will probably fail. The bill will be vetoed, and in view of its doubtful operation, it will hardly be carried against the veto. Such a result will not be a misfortune. Congress will not admit either Nebraska or Colorado until they have adopted a republican form of government. But we hope that, as the Constitution requires Congress to guarantee such a form, the Constitution will be amended to declare what it means by a republican government in a State.

CENTRALIZATION.

IN the Legislature of every one of the States which were loyal through the war the pending Constitutional Amendment is opposed by the strict party vote of the Democracy. That Amendment, our readers will remember, provides for the inviolability of the national debt, and the invalidity of any debt incurred by an effort to destroy the Government, it makes certain of the late rebel chiefs ineligible to office at the pleasure of Congress, and it refuses to acknowledge as a basis of political power in any State any part of the population which is arbitrarily disfranchised. Against such moderate and equitable and essential conditions the Democratic party arrays itself, and declares that the States which rebelled have a right to return at any moment, and that if a measure of the war like emancipation happened to strengthen their political power, the loyal people of the country can not help themselves.

The plea under which the Democratic party is now striving to recover control of the country is the same under which the Democratic leaders of 1860–61 stimulated secession, and which a Democratic Administration urged as preventing the "coercion of States." It is the plea of State Rights; and the argument addressed to the country is, that a ruthless and revolutionary majority is bent upon an absolute centralization of the Government. This is the assertion of the vetoes. This is the substance of the Copperhead editorials. This is the point of the speeches of those who were the most skillful opponents of the war, like Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN. This is the opening cry of the conventions of the party which declared the war a failure, and whose last national platform was written by VALLANDIGHAM, and for whose success at the polls CLEMENT C. CLAY, and JACOB THOMPSON, and DAVIS, TOOMBS, and WIGFALL, sincerely prayed. This is what ISAAC TOUCEY says in Connecticut, and JEREMIAH BLACK in Washington, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON in Ohio, and EDMUND BURKE in New Hampshire. State Rights, they cry, are in danger! Congress is centralizing the Government.

So unanimous a cry is worthy attention. If not persuasive, the unanimity shows that those who raise it believe it to be persuasive; and that belief is founded upon their conviction that the people of this country are sensitively jealous of the rights of the States. Undoubtedly they are and should be. The municipality has always been the great bulwark of individual liberty. The common and reasonable independence of the parts secures the stability of the whole. But in generalizations of this kind we must carefully bear in mind the differing circumstances of different nations. Against the encroachments of the king the feudal lord was useful. Against the tyranny of the feudal lord only the commune protected the individual. But nations arose only when the king prevailed over the feudal lord, and rights were secure only as the people overcame the absolute supremacy of either.

This was the truth which was so plainly seen by our fathers that they made it the corner-stone of our system. It is a government of the people, not of the States. It is complex, indeed, because with the necessity of a supreme head the advantages of modified local independence were plainly seen. But whatever may have been the whims and theories and speculations hitherto, the last great appeal has decided that our system, in Mr. LINCOLN's phrase, is a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and that States are conveniences by which the people propose to secure the great end of government, individual security of life, liberty, and property. For this result the States are permitted a certain local independence and supremacy, subordinate always to the supreme authority in Congress. For the laws of the United States are made supreme by the Constitution, any conflicting State law notwithstanding.

At the end of a long and fierce war certain States are left without any civil government whatever, and they can obtain one only by the action of the supreme authority in the State. What is that supreme authority but the people of the United States? Is there a political authority in the State of North Carolina superior to that of the United States? If there be, that authority is sovereign in North Carolina, and the United States are not. Is that Constitutional doctrine? Is it the doctrine expounded by the war? But if the United States be thus sovereign in a State, does it follow that Congress can elect a Governor for New York? Not at all; because the United States have agreed upon the conditions under which New York shall elect her own local officers. But if renouncing those conditions, declaring her independence of the Union, New York takes up arms to maintain her separate sovereignty, and is defeated, and by the very act of defeat is left without any civil government whatever, she can acquire one only by the intervention of the supreme authority, and upon such conditions as it may impose consonant with its own organic law.

This is what Congress is doing; and this it is which is so fiercely assailed as an attempt at consolidation. It is determining upon what conditions States which have vainly sought to destroy the Government, whose internal social and political system has been uprooted, vast numbers of whose people are capitally liable as traitors, and are still hostile to the Government, shall resume their rights in the Union. It is in no other sense a dangerous tendency toward consolidation than the uniform action of Congress in the admission of Territories as States. And unless it is asserted, as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS plainly says, that States have a "continuous right" of representation in Congress, despite their renunciation of it and the attempt to enforce the renunciation by arms, and despite the disappearance of all valid civil authority within their borders, and despite the national welfare, the cry of centralization is a cry merely. The common-sense of the people and the necessity of the case are against it. Congress proposes to say upon what terms the late rebel States may resume their full functions as equal States in the Union. Nor has there been as yet any suggestion that the necessary functions of a State in the Union should be abridged. The power to establish Slavery or political exclusion has been found not to be a necessary function of a State in the Union, but a permanent peril to the nation, and will be, therefore, forbidden. This is the kind of centralization which the country demands for the common safety of all the States; more than this it neither asks nor would tolerate.

THE APPEAL OF CRETE.

"THE Eastern Question" has never been very exactly defined, but it is very well understood by the Powers most interested. It has had various aspects, but it is always the same thing—for it is really the Russian question. Assuming, according to the old phrase, that the Turks are merely encamped in Europe, and that Turkey is a chronically sick man, the consideration with England and France has been how to maintain Turkey as a bulwark against Russian progress to the Mediterranean. Constantinople has been a diplomatic point of importance quite disproportioned to the power of Turkey. It has been the arena of the most astute game of diplomacy, the stakes being the "balance of power."

This question has suddenly an interest for us greater than it has had for forty years; and its present aspect is not less interesting to Europe. Crete, or Candia, abandoned by the settlement in 1827, after the battle of Navarino, appeals to America to assist the Cretan women and children while the men fight with Turkey. In Europe Russia, which is sure to gain by the misfortunes of Turkey, has just completed her aggrandizement by the final and total absorption of Poland, and, of course, awaits complacently the issue of the Cretan struggle. For how can the Western Christian Powers sympathize with the Turk against struggling fellow-Christians?

The facts of the case are simple. In 1821 occurred the last general insurrection of the Greeks against the Turks. The struggle affected the imagination of Christendom. The English poets, BYRON and SHELLEY and CAMPBELL, appealed for the Greeks in heroic and plaintive song. The young American orators, WEBSTER, CLAY, and EVERETT, pleaded with romantic eloquence the cause of Greece. HAL-

LECK thrilled the land with "Marco Bozzaris." The tragedy of the Island of Scio roused universal indignation. There was a new crusade of sympathy and interest and aid, if not of armies, from Christendom to the East; and by the stringent representations of the allies in Europe Turkey at last recognized the independence of Greece.

But Crete, an island near the Morean coast, entirely Greek, was excepted, and left under Moslem rule. Three times since the treaty she has risen in rebellion against the intolerable tyranny of Turkey, and three times, with the utmost cruelty, the rebellion has been suppressed. About a year ago the island began a constitutional resistance. The people formally protested to the Turkish Government against the inhuman laws under which they suffered. The answer of the Porte, as Dr. HOWE says—Dr. HOWE, who in the earlier struggle was the American who fought for Greece—was an armed attack upon the population, desolation, and massacre. The Cretans, with sublime enthusiasm, thereupon decreed the independence of the island, and intrusted their cause to their own valor, to the sympathy of mankind, and to the protection of God. How ferocious is the spirit of the Turks, how heroic the devotion of the Greeks in this terrible contest, may be seen in the story of the siege of Canea, of which we give a vivid illustration in this paper. "When the battle," says WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his instructive and manly appeal, "had at last broken through the outer w it was sustained for six h urs, hand to hand in the yard of the convent. When the time came finally for the decision—death or submission, knowing well that out from under that Greek flag no living soul would pass, they themselves applied the match to the magazine and went to Heaven, while three thousand of their opponents went to their graves."

The Cretans in this desperate struggle invoke the aid of generous souls every where for their wives and children, driven into exile to escape the unspeakable horrors of captivity among the Turks. "They only ask," says the Executive Committee of the Greek Relief Committee, of which Dr. SAMUEL G. HOWE is properly President, "that their women and children, who have fled and are flying to the neighboring islands and to Greece, may be saved from starving. Ten thousand of them have reached Athens alone." It is the appeal of humanity, of a revolution as justifiable and more desperate than our own. It is to feed the wives and children of heroes falling in the most sacred cause. We believe there is a Greek Committee in New York, but we do not know its address. That of the Boston Committee is 20 Bromfield Street.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

THE unsettled *Alabama* claims against England and the negotiations upon the subject will lead, we hope, to an international Congress to determine some general code of neutrality. In such a Congress our own traditions would shine brightly. The extraordinary Report of Mr. BANKS upon the change of our neutrality laws at the last session of Congress might lead the uninformed to suppose otherwise; that we had adopted our whole neutral system under terror of England; and that our own honor imperatively demanded a change. The action of the House of Representatives in passing the proposed measure by a unanimous vote would strongly confirm this impression. But we should have liked to examine the members who so briskly voted as if they were opposing a tremendous iniquity or disgrace, to ascertain in what particulars our neutral system was unjust and dishonorable.

The whole question has been lately treated by Mr. GEORGE BEMIS, one of the most accomplished authorities upon the subject, in a solid pamphlet called "American Neutrality: its Honorable Past; its Expedient Future." With copious learning, and entire familiarity with the topic, he gives a clear and succinct history of our neutral laws and conduct; and politely but mercilessly exposes the weakness of the Report in question. Mr. BEMIS shows conclusively that we have from the very beginning preached and practiced the most truly honorable neutrality, but that, in some important points, the British laws are superior to our own; and that the fitting out of the *Alabama* and the other piracies against us from the English base were violations of the English law. Mr. BEMIS considers at some length the "unworthy promotion of Fenian belligerency," and, as it seems to us, quite effectually disposes of the sophistries upon that subject. He then criticises in detail the new law proposed, and concludes his instructive and timely little work with a statement of the desirable improvements in our neutral system.

Buncomb legislation is not admirable, but Congress seems peculiarly liable to it when treating our foreign affairs. Governments are not impressed by swagger, for men in office reason very much upon some points like men out of office, and respect most the dog who does not bark. Our neutral laws from the first were reasonable and humane. The system began with the orders of WASHINGTON, approved by HAMILTON and JEFFERSON; and we venture to say that their spirit is more truly beneficial to the neutral interests of this country and of other nations than the spirit of the "scaling down" to the British standard which Mr. BANKS's report proposes, and which is merely introducing "You're another!" into international usage or law. That is neither the spirit which promotes public nor private peace. The man who acts upon the theory that every body is trying to cheat and insult him is no more successful and is not half as comfortable as his neighbor who lives upon the theory that rectitude and strength combined are sure to be respected.

THREATS OF CIVIL WAR.

DURING the Presidential campaign of 1860 the Democratic party declared that the election of Mr. LINCOLN would of course lead to violence. He was elected, and the Southern Democratic leaders took up arms.

During the late canvass, in the autumn of 1866, MONTGOMERY BLAIR and the other Democratic orators and papers warned us that the success of the Union party at the polls would lead to civil war, which could be begun, of course, only by the defeated party.

At the present time the orators at the Democratic Conventions, who were the most malignant Copperheads during the war, talk of arming and resisting.

Finally, the *Constitutional Union*, or Johnsonian newspaper, in Washington, says that it may soon be necessary for the President to arm his friends, that the army and navy will fight for him, and that he will at all hazards fulfill his term of office.

This kind of talk always proceeds from the Democratic "Conservative" party. The appeal to revolution comes naturally from the apologists of the late rebellion. But they make a terrible mistake if they suppose that the people of the Free States can be frightened by it. Whether it be bluster or serious purpose, those who propose to renew rebellion under the plea of protecting the Constitution—a plea as old as political knavery—will find those who have faced battle and the disasters of war for four years perfectly ready for any alternative. The threat, perpetually repeated at every election, to Mexicanize the Government, and to oppose the ballot with the bayonet, will only bind the vast majority of loyal men closer together. Nor do we wonder at the contempt with which the Macon *Journal and Messenger* speaks of JAMES BROOKS's late belligerent speech at New Haven. It says in effect: "Why didn't you fight when fighting could be of some use? You who blustered while we fought are very ready to renew the battle. We who fought while you swaggered have had enough of it."

If any thing could make Union men more resolute than they are, it would be the menaces of men like ISAAC TOUCEY, VALLANDIGHAM, JEREMIAH BLACK, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, and JAMES BROOKS, and the warnings of the Johnsonian journals.

TOBACCO.

WE once heard a prominent physician in one of our large cities assert that he could prove from some statistics which he had collected that the use of tobacco promotes longevity. If this were true it would follow, of course, that it is conducive to health. The statistics, we believe, have never been published, and even those who are most disposed to defend the use of tobacco are far from claiming that it is absolutely beneficial. The utmost that they claim is, that while, so far from being necessary to health, it is not even of any benefit to it, yet it is not in most cases injurious, and is therefore an innocent source of comfort and enjoyment. Some, perhaps we may say most, when pressed, will allow that it does some harm; but they seem to consider this so slight that it should be left out of the account in view of the gratification that the use of the article affords them. But if it be true that it inflict any injury at all upon the constitution, is it, we ask, consistent for considerate and conscientious persons to use it? Are they not bound to discard every thing which will in any degree lessen their usefulness or shorten its period?

The subject should not be dismissed with a joke, or be considered carelessly. This may reasonably be expected of those who live for self-gratification alone, but not of those who aspire to live wisely and nobly. To all such who are in the habit of indulging in the use of tobacco (and there are many at the present time) we appeal, and ask them to examine candidly the question whether the use of this article is consistent with health.

It will not do to say that there are many all around us in whom this indulgence produces no obvious bad results. This may be said of many of the known causes of disease. Their operation is often concealed from view till there is sufficient accumulation of effect to betray it.

Neither will it do to say that many live to a good old age that have always used tobacco largely. The same may be said of the use of alcoholic drinks, and yet there is no fact more abundantly established than that a free use of them is one of the most fruitful causes of disease at the present time.

Tobacco contains two principles—an alkaline substance and a volatile oil—which are among the most virulent of poisons. Two or three drops of the oil put upon the tongue of a cat have been known to destroy life in a minute or two. It is not strange, then, that when physicians use tobacco as a remedial agent, as they sometimes do, they are exceedingly careful as to the amount they administer.

Perhaps it will be said that poison is a relative term, and that we are daily using, with benefit, articles in small quantities which, in larger, would prove injurious. But it is not true that even in the ordinary indulgence in tobacco it is used in small quantities, and very many use it in very large ones.

In all the common use of tobacco there is induced a tolerance of it in the system. Observe what this tolerance implies—for this is a point which deserves to be considered in relation to the influence upon health. It implies an artificial condition of the system—a departure from nature; and *all such departures are more or less inconsistent with a perfect state of health.* There is no getting away from this principle of hygiene. Every one allows its application to opium, where there is the same tolerance induced; and how can an exception be made out in the case of tobacco?

This tolerance, it is true, lessens the bad effects, but it by no means destroys them. It converts the drug from a quick, palpable poison, into a slow and secret one. The development of its results appears at various periods in different individuals—in some very manifestly, and in others indistinctly, being mingled with the results of other causes operating conjointly in the production of ill-health. It is only now and then that a case is met with where the deleterious influence of tobacco can be seen separately from that of other agencies, but such cases occur sufficiently often to enable us to see distinctly, by comparison, its influence on multitudes of other cases, and we are in this way warranted in the conclusion that the very prevalent use of tobacco is among the prominent causes of ill-health and positive disease.

The evidence which some cases furnish is of the most unequivocal character. We refer to cases in which we have first the evil results of the use of tobacco palpably developed, and then the entire disappearance of these after an abandonment of the indulgence. We have met with many experiences of this kind—so many that the evidence is abundant and multiform. Take a single case as an example: A clergyman, coming to the conclusion that his health was suffering from tobacco, which he used very largely, resolved to break off at once. It cost him a severe trial; for his system had become so accustomed to the influence of the drug that the uncomfortable sensations which its loss occasioned, together with the cravings of the appetite for it, caused much suffering, incapacitated him for mental labor, and made him almost sick. But in a month the trial was fully passed, and vigor and buoyancy took the place of the ill-health which had been his lot for years. This was when he was a young man; and he is now one of the most hale and hearty of our older clergymen.

This must not be regarded as an exceptional case in kind, though it may be in degree. The cases that are more or less like it are very common. In looking at such evidence it is always to be remembered that individuals differ very much both in relation to the manifestation of the evil effects of the indulgence, and the immediate results of an abandonment of it. This is owing to idiosyncrasies or peculiarities of constitution and other circumstances. The whole scope of the evidence most clearly indicates that tobacco is as truly injurious to health, though in a different way and degree, as opium is, which it so much resembles in the tolerance that habit may induce. In view of it we think that the statistics to which we referred in the beginning of this article would hardly bear a rigorous examination.

The injurious effects of tobacco are seen mostly in the nervous system, for it is upon this that its influence is chiefly exerted. Coupled, however, with the nervous derangements are often seen signs, to a greater or less degree, of that same depression which is so prominent in the palpable effects produced upon those who have not become accustomed to the use of this drug. The powers of digestion are also apt to be affected, especially in those who chew tobacco; for, in addition to the impairment of them which comes from the nervous derangement, there is a great expenditure of the saliva, which the physiologist has shown to be of essential service in the process of digestion. We may add also that this expenditure is no inconsiderable drain upon the system.

Such being the evidence against tobacco, it is no wonder that Dr. FRANKLIN never found any one who used it that would advise him to follow his example. It would be well if more were as wise as he was in refraining for this reason from its use.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate on January 16 concurred in the House amendments to the Nebraska and Colorado admission bills, and they now go to the President. The purchase of the site for the post-office in New York was authorized on the 17th. In a debate on the bill to regulate the tenure of office Mr. Sumner said "it was the duty of Congress to protect the loyal people against the President. There was no precedent in this particular. There was no such duty against our fathers, for the President had not become an enemy to his country." Mr. M'Dougal rose to a point of order that such terms against the Executive were unparliamentary, but the Chair declined to sustain him. The bill was finally passed on January 18 by a vote of 29 yeas to 9 nays. The measure deprives the President of the power to appoint or remove any officers except the members of his Cabinet without the advice and consent of the Senate, and effectually prevents removals and appointments during the recess of Congress, except in certain specified cases, and in such contingencies subjects them to the action of the Senate within twenty days after its reassembling.

In the House, on the 15th of January, the bill for the admission of Nebraska as a State was passed, after being so amended as to require the Legislature to solemnly assent to the negro suffrage clause. The vote was 103 yeas to 35 nays. The Colorado bill, similarly amended, was passed by a vote of 90 yeas to 60 nays.—The Reconstruction bill of Mr. Stevens was debated at length on the 16th and 19th of January. In the course of the debate, on the 16th, Mr. Paine denounced the present State governments at the South as "piratical governments resting on the souls of Andrew Johnson and his Northern and Southern satellites." Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, declared that "the rebels had denuded themselves of citizenship, and the question was one of franchisement and not one of disfranchisement." On the 19th Mr. Scofield made a speech on the pending question, in which he said that "a perfidious Secretary, one old man, stood in the way of the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment."—The Legislative Appropriation bill was adopted by the House on the 17th instant.—The Senate amendment to the New York Post-office appropriation was agreed to by the House, and the bill goes to the President for approval.

Two important resolutions affecting the reconstruction of the Southern States were introduced in the House on the 21st of January. One "declared the ten communities lately in rebellion to be without civil governments, and only eligible as State governments when so recognized by Congress." This was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The other declared that "in ratifying amendments the States not represented shall not be entitled to vote." This was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The New York Legislature has as yet done little of importance. A bill to prevent delay in the transit of passengers and freight over railroads passed the Senate on January 18 by a unanimous vote. It compels connecting roads in this State to sell tickets and check baggage for each other, and imposes fines and imprisonment on the Presidents and Directors for refusal to obey the law.

NEWS ITEMS.

Some developments of the Sherman-Campbell commission to Mexico place the commissioners in a rather ridiculous light. It appears that they did not agree very well, each claiming to rank the other, and to act under separate instructions. Sherman wanted to deal with Bazaine; Campbell with Juarez. The breach culminated in a quarrel and separation at Matamoras, and in the suppression of the respective reports to the State Department.

The difficulty between the New York Central and the Hudson River Railroads has been arranged by mutual concession, so that through tickets and baggage-checks are issued by either company.

Dr. Almon Case, State Senator from Obion County, West Tennessee, and a strong and unflinching Unionist, was shot dead at his residence on January 14, by an assassin. Late in the evening a man rode up to his residence and called for him to come out. Mrs. Case went to the door, and in answer to the man's inquiry replied that he had gone to town. The man rode off in the direction indicated, and met Senator Case on his return, with whom he rode back. On approaching the house the assassin pretended to depart, but immediately afterward wheeled and shot his unsuspecting victim dead, and made his escape. The assassin is known to have been a returned rebel.

A prize-fighter named Jamison, but calling himself Collyer, won in a fight on January 15. On the same day his brother committed suicide in Brooklyn, leaving behind him a note intimating that the social degradation to which he had been reduced (probably by his brother's conduct) had led him to commit the act.

Two colored boys were returned on a writ of *habeas corpus* by Judge Wylie of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to their former master, to whom they had been apprenticed, and from whose cruel treatment they had fled. The plea of violation of the Civil Rights Bill was rejected.

Governor John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, in his inaugural, delivered on January 15, says the South must be kept out until the conditions of Congress are complied with.

Government income from internal revenues alone, for the six and a half months from July 1, 1866, to January 15, 1867, amounted to $175,000,000, about $328,000,000 a year, being $43,000,000 more than the estimate.

Information from North Carolina states that a secret organization, with revolutionary objects, exists in Union County. Outrages of an aggravated nature are being perpetrated on the negroes in Wayne County, and the officers of the law confess themselves afraid to pursue the perpetrators with the remedies provided by law.

A State law of New Jersey of the same import as that known as the New York Excise Law is to be vigorously enforced, and rum drinkers from New York city are to be excluded from Jersey soil.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome has given $5000 to Princeton, New Jersey, College, the interest of which is to be annually expended in the purchase of a medal to be awarded to the graduating senior, who shall be declared by a vote of his class-mates to be the first gentleman in his class. He declares a due regard for the feelings of others the basis for his prize gentleman.

Kansas has ratified the Constitutional Amendment by a unanimous vote.

A fire occurred in the conservatory attached to the President's mansion in Washington on January 18, and the most valuable plants, many of them of the rarest character and of foreign origin, were destroyed. A Sago palm which had been imported by General Washington was among those burned up. The loss to the buildings amounts to $20,000, and the Executive mansion was injured to the amount of $1000.

Nathaniel P. Willis, the poet, died on his sixtieth birthday, January 20, at Idlewild, on the Hudson.

The West Virginia Legislature has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

The Mississippi River steamer *Platte Valley* sunk near Vicksburg on January 17. She was crowded with passengers, most of whom were lost.

Nine men were massacred in Southern Utah on the 5th January by the Indians.

The Supreme Court of Alabama has decided that the Act of Congress requiring a stamp upon State legal processes is unconstitutional, and also that the State, being a *de facto* government under the Confederacy, its personal representatives are protected from all loss on Confederate investments, under an act of the Legislature.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The last vessel of the fleet to bring away the French troops in Mexico has sailed from France.

John Bright thinks a "great change" is at hand in the political situation of Great Britain. "The question," he says, "of a wide extension of the suffrage is making way. The working-men throughout the United Kingdom are becoming interested in this great question, and their organization is becoming more complete. Their power, added to the power of the liberal middle class, will be too great for those who now monopolize the influence of Government, and a great change can not be far off." Lord Derby has declined to adopt Reform as a Cabinet measure.

Queen Victoria is going to the Paris exhibition.

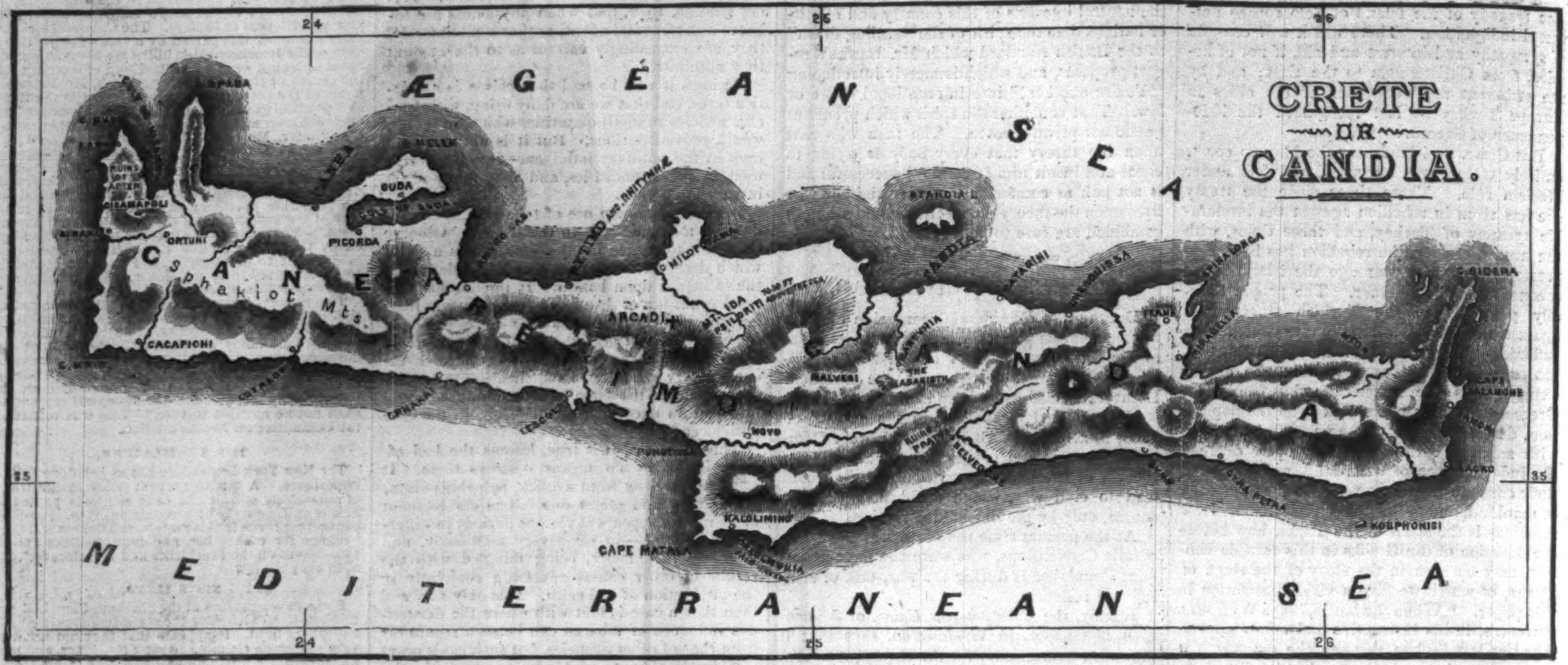
A bread-riot lately occurred in the streets of Liverpool, caused by the distress of the poor of that city, whose sufferings are greatly aggravated by the unusual severity of the winter in England.

Advices from the Island of Candia to January 19 state that the Cretans had fought another battle, in which they claim a victory over 5000 Turks. The Cretan Assembly has issued a call to all the Powers of Europe to send agents to Candia to witness and report the condition of the country.

The French Cabinet has been dissolved without a revolution.

Marshal Bazaine has been relieved of his "high powers" in Mexico.

Alexander Smith, the English poet, is dead.



THE WAR IN CRETE—MAP OF THE ISLAND.—[DRAWN BY MR. KEMP.]

THE WAR IN CRETE.

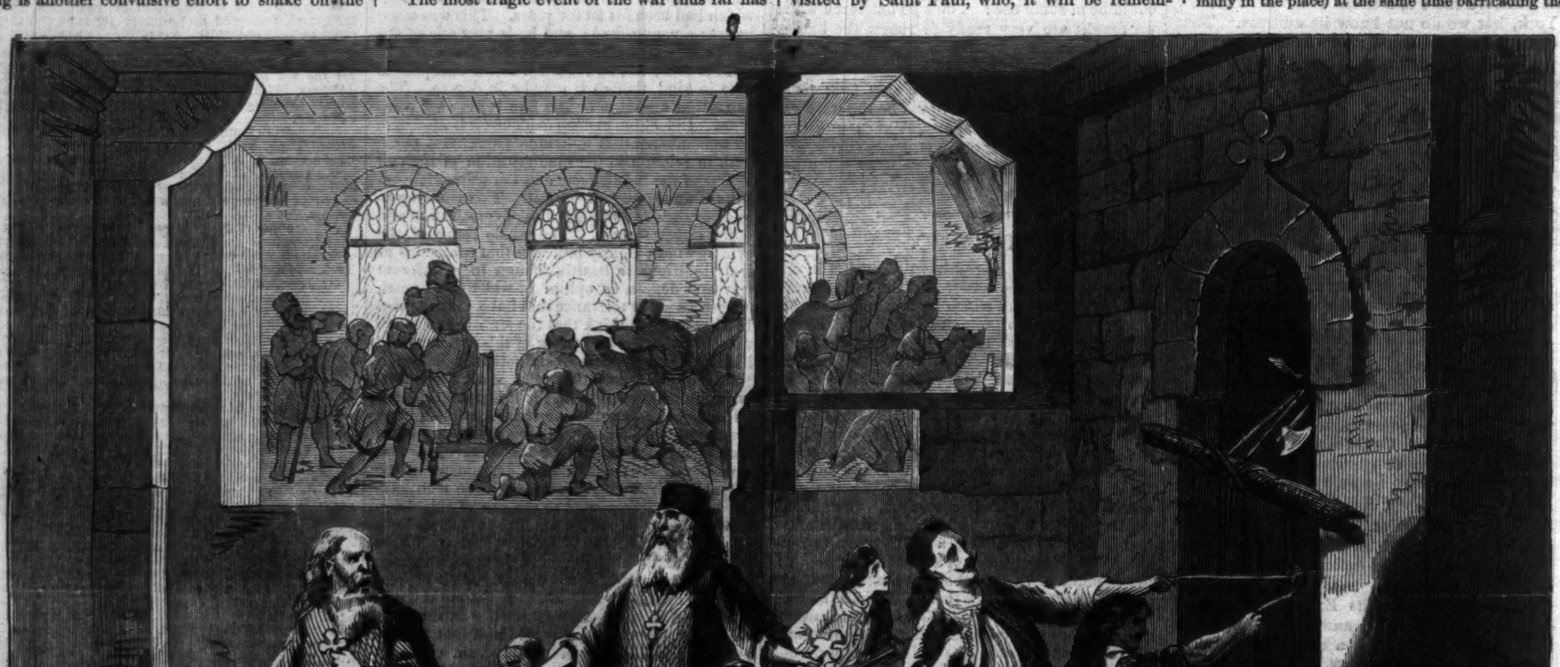
THE attention of the Christian Powers of Europe has been particularly directed of late to the war between the Christians and Mohammedans in the Island of Crete by the late terrible tragedy at the monastery of Arcadi. It is evident now, as the facts come to light, that in their gallant struggle for freedom the Christians are entitled to the sympathies of the civilized world.

The Island of Crete, or Candia, since it came under the domination of the Turkish empire—two hundred years ago—has been the theatre of many bloody attempts on the part of the people to regain their ancient independence or become united to Greece, the land of their ancestors. Although having a common patriotic desire that Crete should be governed by Cretans, they have rather been goaded on to these revolts by the relentless and insupportable oppression of the Turks themselves, whose system of continued cruelties has few parallels on record. The present uprising is another convulsive effort to shake off the yoke and be free. The insurrection which commenced in 1866 is now wide-spread over the island, and all classes have taken up arms to fight against the Turks. Numerous indecisive battles have occurred, and the condition of the island is described as much the same as during the Greek revolution of 1821, both parties exhibiting bitter hate, and the Turks slaughtering without mercy to wreak their vengeance. Men, women, and children have fled from their towns to the mountains and strong-holds, enduring great suffering, and even ending their own lives, rather than be borne away as the captives of the infidel Moslem. An intense feeling and sympathy is manifested in Greece for the Cretans, but the Government itself can not render its willing aid owing to the complications of European politics. Many volunteers, however, and some supplies have been safely conveyed through the Turkish blockade; and in the coming spring there is every indication that the scenes of 1822–25 will be re-enacted, it is hoped with a different result.

The most tragic event of the war thus far has been the destruction of the monastery of Arcadi, a vivid sketch of which we give from the pencil of a native Cretan living in the city of Constantinople, who was familiar with the locality. "The scene," writes our correspondent, "represents the defense of the monastery on the second day, when the Turks had passed the outer walls and penetrated into the grounds in the midst of which the monastery stood. The Christians are firing from the windows on the Turks, who are expected every moment to force the great door which gives access to the monastery." We give also a picture of a Greek priest of Crete—such as WILLIAM C. PRIME describes as "unmistakably a Greek priest—for they can not be mistaken, and noble-looking men some of them are." A Map and View of the Island of Crete accompanying these will serve, with our description, to make the locality where these interesting events are now progressing familiar to our readers. Biblical students especially will find the study of this map interesting, as the island was visited by Saint Paul, who, it will be remembered, landed at Fair Havens. Here he advised the sailors to remain during the winter; but, disregarding his advice, they put to sea, and were wrecked on the Island of Malta, the vessel being lost, but all the crew saved with the Apostle, as had been predicted by him.

The Levant *Herald* publishes the following account of the terrible massacre:

"The monastery of Arcadi, called after its founder, the Emperor ARCADIUS, is a large and solid building in the Byzantine style, dating from the 8th century, and situated at some hours' distance from Rethymno. The insurgents, who had shut themselves up in it, had to resist from the 20th to the 22d November the attack of four Turkish battalions and several cannon. It seems that CORONEOS was at this time with only a small force on the neighboring heights, about half a league off. The Turks cannonaded the convent for a whole day with four mountain howitzers, after which MUSTAPHA PASHA sent for some heavier pieces, and with these succeeded in opening a breach in the defending works. An assault then took place, and the troops having effected an entrance, a desperate round of fighting took place in the convent yard. Driven from this, the insurgents took refuge in the cellars of the building, the women and children (of whom there were many in the place) at the same time barricading them



THE WAR IN CRETE—THE ATTACK ON THE MONASTERY OF ARCADI.—[FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.]

THE WAR IN CRETE—VIEW OF CANEA, THE PRINCIPAL PORT OF CRETE.

selves in the refectory. The cellars, however, were soon rendered untenable, and all defense of them made impossible, by the shells thrown in by the troops; the insurgents after a short council then resolved on blowing up the room, which served as a powder magazine.

"This resolution having been carried into effect by a priest named Manissi, a terrific explosion followed, and in a twinkling the greater part of the vast building was reduced to a mass of ruins. It is said that there were at the time in all 516 Cretans—200 men and 316 women and children—in the convent. Of these about 50 women and children and some 20 men who had been sheltered by a wall which withstood the shock, were saved; the whole of the others perished. The saved, many of whom were badly wounded, were sent to Rethymno. The loss of the Turks is said to have amounted to about 3000 killed and wounded."

REV. DR. HENRY ADAMS NEELY.

We present on this page a portrait of the new Episcopal Bishop of Maine, Rev. Henry A. Neely. Dr. Neely was born at Fayetteville, New York, in May, 1830. His college course was begun under Bishop Chase, at Jubilee, Illinois, but in 1846 he entered the Sophomore Class of Hobart College, Geneva, and graduated in 1849 with the second honor. He was admitted in the same year a candidate for holy orders in the diocese of Western New York, and became a member of the Theological Department of Hobart College. He was also Tutor of the college for two years. Ordained Deacon in Trinity Church, Geneva, December 19, 1852, he immediately became Assistant to the Rector of Calvary Church, Utica. In Trinity Church, in the same city, he was admitted to the holy order of Priests, June 18, 1854, having in March previous become the Rector of Calvary Church. On the 1st of October, 1855, he took charge of Christ Church, Rochester, a parish newly organized as a free church—a charge which he held with great efficiency and success for seven years.

He married, in 1858, Mary, daughter of the late John Delafield, of Geneva.

In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Neely was elected the first Chaplain of Hobart College, on the endowment given by John W. Swift, Esq., of New York. He held this position with great usefulness and very acceptably for two years, when the health of his family requiring a removal to New York, he accepted a call as Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, with the full pastoral care of Trinity Chapel. In this new and important sphere he at once set to work with great energy and entire success. On the 30th of October last Dr. Neely was unanimously and most unexpectedly elected Bishop of the diocese of Maine, made vacant by the death of the lamented Bishop Burgess. He accepted his high office, and his consecration took place in New York city on the feast of St. Paul, January 25. He will enter upon his duties in the full vigor of life, the youngest member of the House of Bishops in age as well as in office.

The residence of the late Bishop of Maine was at Gardiner; but the See will hereafter be the city of Portland, the commercial centre of the diocese, where a cathedral is to be begun at once by the enterprise and liberality of the Churchmen of that place.

SCENES ON A COTTON PLANTATION.

These pictures were mainly taken upon the Buena Vista plantation, in Clarke County, Alabama. The four sketches in the centre show the principal operations of cotton culture; and around figure other scenes appropriate to a cotton plantation.

The cotton-gin; the picturesque cotton-press, to whose long levers the mules are harnessed to create the power which compresses the ginned staple into bales; the morning call, performed upon a cow-horn; the owner and his overseer, figure here; as well as the weekly distribution of rations, the dance which closes the week's labor, and the plantation burying-ground. Here the defunct negroes are buried, a rail-fence being raised above the graves to keep off marauding hogs, calves, etc. It is customary among the superstitious negroes to place upon each new-made grave a mattock and a spade, there to remain for fourteen days from the date of the burial, as safeguards against the premature resurrection of the corpse.

The operations of cotton-growing commence with bedding; the beds being from four to six furrows wide, according to the expected growth of cotton. A small plow called a "scouter" is then used to cut the furrows for the seed, which is usually sown by the women and younger hands, who are in turn followed by the harrow—a bent board which covers up the seed. The next process is called bearing off, which consists in throwing a furrow away from the young cotton with a scraper, leaving a ridge of four inches in width; this makes it easy to follow with the hoes and "scrape" the cotton, which means to cut out the surplus growth to the width of the hoe, technically called a half stand. The furrows are now thrown back toward the cotton, and every effort made to keep the growing crop thrifty and free of weeds, especially grass, some kinds of which are great pests in the cotton field. The cotton is now brought to a full stand, the plants standing about two feet apart in the rows. It is not unusual to plant corn in the cotton field in transverse rows, with the plants eight or ten feet apart—an arrangement which does not interfere with cotton, and is a clear gain upon the crop.

Picking commences about the latter end of August, and may continue till January. The cotton is taken to the gin-house, and, if wet, spread out for an hour or two upon large platforms to dry; after being ginned it is pressed and baled. Ordinary land, well cultivated, will give half a bale to the acre, while the rich river bottoms will yield twice as much.

One man to ten acres is considered sufficient—if they work. A good hand before the war was worth $1500 in gold, which, at the Alabama rate of interest—8 per cent.—was $120 a year, besides the clothing, taxes, doctor's bill, loss of time during sickness, insurance, etc. The same hand can now be hired for $10 a month in currency; pays his own doctor's bill and taxes, clothes himself, deducts all time lost by sickness, and if he dies is his own loss—a consoling reflection to some planters.

Horses and mules can be purchased for less in currency than they could before the war, while provisions are about the same when reduced to a gold basis. The richest lands are for sale for prices one half to one third less than before the war.

Alabama and Mississippi planters amassed large fortunes by raising cotton at from seven to nine cents a pound; and to-day in our own markets it is selling in gold for from two or two and a half times what it did before the war. Putting land, labor, stock, etc., at half their gold value in 1859, and cotton at twice, or more, the gold value of that year, it follows that to raise it is a profitable investment. The present year is no criterion as to the cotton crop, for it has been certainly the most unfavorable season since 1846.

THE WAR IN CRETE—A GREEK PRIEST.

BURNING OF THE HYATT HOUSE.

The Hyatt House, the principal building and the pride of the "Bower City," as Janesville, Wisconsin, is called, was totally destroyed by fire on January 12. It was erected on West Milwaukee Street, on the west bank of Rock River, in 1856 and 1857, by the Honorable A. Hyatt Smith, at a cost of $150,000. Recently it had passed into the possession of, and when destroyed was owned by, O. B. Mattison, of Utica, New York. Its dimensions were as follows: Front, 153 feet; depth, 132 feet, and six stories in height. It was the largest building of the kind in the State, and would compare favorably with any structure for beauty of architecture, and in its general arrangements for the purposes designed, as a first-class house, in

HENRY A. NEELY, D.D., EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF MAINE.—[Photographed by Rockwood & Co., No. 839 Broadway, N. Y.]

the West. The building was occupied by Solomon Hutson as a hotel, by the Baptist Church Society as a tabernacle for religious services temporarily, and by two law firms, and several stores containing various kinds of goods. A servant girl perished in the flames. We present on page 76 a view of the burning building.

BELLE'S CARICATURE.

Many people make enemies by long faces and cold manners. Belle Bruce had made them by smiles and laughter and a love of fun. The ludicrous points of friends and strangers were too visible to her bright eyes, and she was not careful enough to conceal the fact. Consequently, she had laughed at her maiden aunt's ruffled night-caps, until that lady disinherited her, and left her worldly all to a serious maid who had waited on her for five-and-twenty years without a smile; laughed at her teacher's prim ways and peculiarities of speech, until school became "too hot to hold her;" laughed at her room-mate, Miss White, who was absurdly romantic, until she lost the favor of one who was very influential in certain circles where Belle needed the exercise of her influence; and, finally, laughed herself out of a situation as governess to a clergyman's two daughters because something ridiculous occurred in church. "A young person so forgetful of absolute decency as to laugh aloud over a slight mistake in *such* a place is not a fit instructress for my girls," said the Reverend Obadiah Waugh; and Belle found herself friendless in a large city, with a month's salary in her pocket, her one black alpaca growing rusty at the seams, and her one pair of kid gloves in need of mending.

The case was desperate, and when a situation in a district school at Lemon offered itself Belle jumped at it instantly. The salary was small, but it was something, and she had just enough left to get there if she did not stop to dine or sup on the way.

So Belle, brave in her way as any soldier, remended her gloves, sponged her alpaca with soda-water, spent her last extra money upon a blue veil, put her small stock of underwear into a black valise, papered up a pound of soda-crackers and four apples, and thus provisioned, started for Lemon.

It was a two-days' journey. Belle, who had a year or two before been used to dining sumptuously every day, did wonder just a little whether she should look like the men released from Andersonville, or taken from the wreck of the *Hornet*, by the time she reached Lemon, and whether she should come to wishing to make steaks and soup of her fellow-passengers. But she sailed into the car with an air, and seated herself as a princess might, and looked about her with that instinctive desire of hers to find something to laugh at. Soon she found it. Into the car, all in a hurry, just as it was about to start, waddled a little fat man. One of the shortest, fattest men, perhaps, ever to be met with out of a show. He was not a dwarf, nor a monstrosity, but his girth was tremendous, and his legs ludicrously short. His dress, too, increased the absurdity of his proportions. His hat—enormous, white in hue, and very bell-crowned—was so much too large for him that it rested on his ears. His coat-tails touched his heels, and when he sat down his trowsers climbed his calves, exhibiting gray worsted stockings and high-lows. He had with him a leather traveling-bag, a palm-leaf fan, an umbrella, and a book. Scarcely was he seated when he immersed himself in the pages of the volume, and grew excited over it—frowning, knotting his brows, laughing in scorn, and smiling in commendation—both dumpy feet on his bag, the umbrella between his legs, and the fan behind him. In vain Belle Bruce struggled to wear a solemn face. Ere long she put her veil down, and, looking out of the window, went into convulsions of noiseless laughter. She shook until the old lady next her began to fear that she had a fit, and until a sentimental young lady, believing her to be weeping (as she was herself) at parting from friends, offered her the use of her smelling-salts. Belle took it, bowed courteously, and soon surprised her neighbor by returning it with her veil up, and exhibiting two wonderfully bright eyes and a mouth framed by two mischievous dimples. She was growing used to her *vis-a-vis*, and now bethought her of her grand delight, the drawing of a caricature. Her pencil was in her pocket; the fly-leaf of a volume of Victor Hugo's last, which she had with her, served for paper, and she devoted herself for the next hour to an elaborated caricature of the gentleman opposite. She was quite an artist, and had a talent for these things. No one who had ever seen the man could have mistaken her model. From the tie of his cravat to the great loop of his shoe-strings she worked the picture up with care, and ended by inscribing on the leather bag the letters which shone there in white newness—"G. Guise."

By that time Belle was hungry, and ate one apple and three crackers, and thought in the midst of a bite how dreadfully the nervous old lady on the same seat would feel if she should become a cannibal at heart through starvation before her journey's end, and laughed until she choked at the fancy. Soon they came to a stopping place, where every one alighted for lunch, except one young matron, who was to leave the cars at the next station, and who had a basket of ginger-nuts wherewith to sustain her young brood. A very nice smell of beef-steak and onions swept into the car, and some one outside, either a person in the employ of the tavern or a disinterested passenger, informed Belle that she had better lunch there, for it was the best place on the road. Belle shrugged her shoulders, spoke with immense disgust of the cookery at "such places," and leaned back, very hungry, but resolved not to touch her evening rations.

She amused herself by watching people. The fat man had his meal and a glass of ale after it, and returned to his old seat opposite her. He blew his nose as though it were a trumpet, and an echo in a hill near by mocked him. He fanned himself with the palm-leaf fan, and looked at her. Belle's gravity was upset again, and she repressed a laugh, which was thus changed into a smile. The fat gentleman evidently thought it a signal of sociability. He smiled back. The face was funny, but the smile was astonishing. It was a beautiful smile. Two rows of snow-white teeth displayed themselves; his eyes shone; his face became interesting. He hesitated, and then made an offer of his palm-leaf fan. "It is so warm," said he; "and I see you have none, Madam."

The tone was gentlemanly, the voice sweet. It was an act of courtesy. Belle was no prude. She accepted the fan and thanked him. A moment more, and she had another surprise. The fat gentleman had taken off his hat to wipe his forehead, and with it had taken off half his absurdity. That hideous, ill-fitting stove-pipe had concealed a head that could not have belonged to a mean or ignorant man—a glorious head—all the handsomer for its bald crown. Not bald with age either, for certainly the face beneath it was not over thirty-five. It had looked five-and-forty in the hat. Belle looked at it in sheer astonishment. "He's almost handsome," she thought. "How can any one dress so absurdly!" Then she returned the fan with a courteous bow. But her *vis-a-vis* would not have it. "You may need it again," he said. And now, with his hat still off, his smile was yet more charming; and though Mrs. Grundy might not have approved, there was really no great harm in chatting with him, and so the two talked merrily together for miles.

When the train stopped at dusk he offered to attend her to the dining-room of the hotel, but she shook her head, and told him she had all she needed with her. Whereat the fat gentleman shook his head doubtfully, and, leaving her, returned with ham sandwiches and pie—of which he insisted that she should partake. "I hate to eat alone," he said. "I know it's a liberty, but *do* keep me company." And he never guessed how very good that dinner tasted to little Belle, or that there were but six crackers and one apple in the black valise.

"I suppose I shall lose your company soon," said the fat gentleman, after a while. "Very few will go on to Lemon, as I shall."

"Are you going to Lemon?" asked Belle.

"Yes, ma'am, to Lemon;" and he gave a little sigh.

"I'm going there also," said Belle. "To a school there."

"Not to the North District School?" cried the fat gentleman.

"Yes, Sir. I'm assistant there," said Belle.

"And I'm principal. How singular! I knew I was to have an assistant, but could not imagine—and this is Miss Bruce. My name is Guise." And the two laughed together.

Bell felt pleased. This odd man was very genial and warm-hearted, she knew, and he appeared to be delighted. He resolved himself into her escort at once. He behaved as brothers ought, but never do, upon a journey. He took her into Lemon on his arm, and saw her safe at her destination, and shook hands with her very heartily when they parted.

"I expect we shall be glad of each other's society in this uncultured place," he said. "I understand that the last female teacher was ducked for keeping in a girl, and that an effort was made to lynch the former principal because he flogged a boy. However, don't feel alarmed. I think I am able to keep you from being annoyed; and when they once know me they will scarcely trouble *me*, I think."

He was two inches shorter than Belle, and as fat as ever; but when he said that in his manly, courteous, quiet way, there was nothing in the least ridiculous about him, and Belle's smile was genuine, and not a hidden laugh, as she replied to him.

Her first day, or rather her first night, at Lemon, seemed to her to promise pleasantly. It was Saturday evening. She went to church next morning, and slept off her fatigue in the afternoon. In the evening she chatted with her hostess. She was "to board around" a week here and a week there, and that night she heard a good deal about her other patrons. "Miss Smith"—Mrs. was a title never heard in Lemon, where matrons were dubbed "Miss," and single ladies had their Christian names accorded them by every body—*Miss* Smith was *near*, and half-starved the teachers; and *Miss* Jones gave them "the dispepsy" with bad bread; and *Miss* Brown expected *hern* to "learn all creation," and *Miss* Wilson wouldn't have *hern* whipped.

And after the good lady had left her guest for the night, with the parting information that at the Halls she'd be expected to share a truckle-bed with little Peter, she told her spouse that that new teacher seemed to think there was suthin' to laugh at, but whether it was her stories or herself she couldn't guess.

"Couldn't be *me*, d'ye think, John?" she queried. "I had my gingham and my best comb in."

And John answered, "No," in good faith, and added that "The gal seemed lively."

But one may laugh with a heavy heart; and remembering her luxurious home of four years back, and her own dainty room with all its appliances for comfort, Mrs. Hall's back attic and little Peter did seem a hard pill to swallow. Even her present quarters, where a triangle of broken looking-glass and a tin basin on a chair were the toilet arrangements, were scarcely satisfactory.

On Monday morning she went to school, and the long room, with its dingy windows, made her heart sink. The cracked blackboard and lumps of greasy chalk, the tottering desk and seats all pulled askew, worried her. Urchins of five, and full-grown clowns of eighteen, stumbled in and stared at her. Confusion reigned, and she was not able to change it to order. She sat down in despair, and then a hand touched her softly, and the fat gentleman appeared upon the scene. It was, to make use of a bull, "a second first appearance." His hat was on, his coat was buttoned to the chin. In the act of shaking hands the whole absurdity of his *tout ensemble* burst upon Belle, and she began to laugh. A moment before she had been ready to cry. The two emotions mixed themselves, and she went off into hysterics. A magnificent beginning, as she felt even at the time.

Somehow she was conveyed into a wardrobe, provided with a chair, a fan, and water, and left to recover. Coming to herself she listened. All noise was hushed. She smoothed her hair and went out. Order reigned, every boy was at his book; every girl had her hands folded primly. The baby who should have been in long clothes, and the middle-aged person she would have taken for a house-maid, sat side by side equally mute and motionless. The ten little girls, all of a size, were as faultless. Her chair and book were ready. She took possession of them, and looked with amazement at the studious youths working away under the supervision of Professor Guise; for she knew his title as well as his name by this time. Little as he was, fat as he was, absurd as was his costume, it was plain that every one there respected him—Belle respected him also. As the time went on she liked him more and more.

He knew so much. Her boarding-school accomplishments faded into insignificance when compared with those solid acquirements; and when one day he told her of a certain ordeal he had passed through, of a scheme by which he had hoped to make his fortune turning out a failure and ruining him—of money that must be saved and scraped together, and of an old worn-out, hopeless feeling which will come to young people whose schemes prove to be illusions, and who struggle in vain for some *ignis fatuus* which in the end eludes them. Belle had not struggled much, but she knew the feeling; for she had had some hopes of being an authoress, and had offered sundry poems to the press, and had them handed back with that profound contempt with which long-suffering editors decline such favors. She had gone home with a heart like a lump of lead, and aching feet and eyes burning because they would not weep; to tear the manuscript savagely, and wonder how long the alpaca would last decently, and to look in the glass, expecting almost to see gray hairs and wrinkles. When the Professor said, "Do you know when it was all over I felt eighty years old?" she quite understood him. They were better friends than ever from that moment.

And what a friend he was! He managed that she should have all the pleasures and as few of the hardships of her lot as possible. He contrived that she should board constantly with the clergyman's family. He told the head-boy to see that she came in a wagon on wet days, and that youth continued it. He borrowed papers and journals for her—sometimes books. He took her to the lectures at the Lyceum. He was the only man of culture except the clergyman in the place. The only person who felt as she felt on most subjects. Soon to have heard that he was about to leave would have been to hear evil tidings. He, and he alone, made Lemon bearable. And it is strange how much two poor people, who agree with each other in sentiment, can help each other along upon the road to happiness.

No gallant exquisite with a bouquet worth a small fortune, and invitations to a private box on some Ristori or Jenny Lind mad night, could have been more acceptable to city belle than the fat doctor with his thumbed volume under his arm, and his ticket for the Lyceum lecture, was to our heroine, on many a Wednesday night; and when coming home, leaning on his left arm, that right hand so plump and firm and white somehow dropped on hers and held it. Belle liked it. It made her feel safer.

So, in the commonplace desert of drudging life, there lay a bright oasis or two, and Belle laughed as much as ever. She drew caricatures of the white-headed boys, and the Professor laughed at them. She sketched "the committee" on examination-day. She wrote comical doggerel in celebration of absurd scenes. There was no one to appreciate her fun but the Professor; but his kindly smile was always ready. She learned to look for it as a necessity of her life.

So the year passed. A second term—a third. Then one bright day a letter was dropped into the midst of all the homely plans, and exploded there like a bomb-shell. A square red-sealed letter from Messrs. Tape and Parchment, lawyers. It told her that her aunt was dead, also that the serious waiting-maid had been serious in vain, for she had left this world before her mistress. Belle Bruce was the only living heiress of the old spinster. She was, or would be, all legal forms completed, worth half a million.

It was necessary that she should leave Lemon for the scene of action at once, and she wondered she was not happier at the thought. Tears would come as she packed her little wardrobe, as she gathered together the Professor's humble gifts, worthless in money value, but so precious for the kindly feeling which was the motive of their giving.

"He will be as kind to the next teacher, and forget me," she said, and her tears fell.

It was Saturday afternoon, and she sat at a table in the clergyman's parlor looking over these books, when the Professor came in. He sat down also. Something was plainly on his mind. He sighed, was silent, and moodily looked over the books. At last he took one up.

"Victor Hugo," he said. "Do you like him?"

"I do. There is genuine pathos—"

"Great Heaven!"

He stopped with those words on his lips, with an ashen pallor overspreading his cheek. He was staring at the fly-leaf of the volume.

Belle looked at him. Her cheek paled also. A remembrance fell upon her. She went softly behind Professor Guise, and saw on what his eyes were fixed. He was looking at the caricature she had drawn of him in that first hour when he was only an absurdly dressed fat man to her—a caricature she would not have drawn now for the wide world's wealth. What should she do? What could she say? There was the name, G. Guise, on the valise. She could not deny. He knew she had drawn it. She stood like a statue.

But in a moment more she saw the great head bowed, the beautiful eyes hidden, and she heard a sob—another and another.

Then she found voice.

"What shall I do—what shall I do? Oh, look at me, listen to me! Dear friend, I never meant—"

He lifted up his head.

"I know you never meant I should see it," he said. "I know that I'm a fool. But it *is* very hard;" and his lip quivered. "*You* are so beautiful to me, and *I* look like that to you!"

"It was drawn before I knew you. It is not like. I had forgotten it. It was in the car."

Something like this Belle panted out, sinking with shame and grief. "Oh, my kind, true friend, forgive me!"

Then he held his hand toward her.

"I do forgive you," he said. "If I am ridiculous it is my fault or Nature's, not yours. I only make myself more so by this display of feeling. But when I knew that you were an heiress and a beauty, I a poor, not even a fine-looking man, and that my love for you—for I have loved you very, very truly—was a dream I must forget, I still hoped you would think of me as a friend—as a pleasant companion. We don't know ourselves. I didn't. I'm not vain, but—" His lip quivered again.

"Think of it, Belle," he cried, suddenly, as though stabbed by the thought; "*I* loved you! When you were poor I meant to try to win you for my wife, and all the while I was your laughing-stock! I didn't deserve it. If I am absurd in figure, I did not deserve it from you, for I loved you."

He paused. He trembled from head to foot, and Belle went closer to him.

"Gustave," she said, calling him for the first time by his Christian name—"Gustave, look at me, listen to me. You were a stranger when I drew that. You have been a friend ever since—so dear a friend that when you say what you have said just now—when you say you love me—it makes me very happy. Think of that wretched scrawl as the work of a stranger's hand, and be my friend again, my lover! For—I love you now."

And Belle paid an awful price of shame and terror for that caricature when she spoke those words. But they were words that she knew she must speak or lose him. And they brought Gustave Guise to her side, and the next moment his arms were about her, and she was weeping on his bosom—on the bosom where her wifely head is pillowed now so happily; for they have been wed many bright months now, and of all the world's heroes he has grown to be the bravest and best and most beautiful to her, and always will remain so, thanks to Love's glamour!

ZENOBIA'S COURTSHIP;

OR, LOVE UPON SKATES.

Lady Martello's experience in matrimonial matters was extraordinary. Left a widow, with a family not only healthy but numerous, she saw at once that she must keep her eyes open. When all the girls were at home they sat down ten to dinner. Yet such was the indomitable energy and accurate strategy of this noble matron that before Zenobia, her youngest, had completed her fourth season, her eight sisters were all carriage-people.

After Zenobia, her remaining comfort, was taken off her fond hands, her ladyship would frequently moralize on the folly of man.

To a distant relative, who had four fine young women, and came to her ladyship for advice, she remarked, "Look at my girls! Dear Jessica's hair was as thin as harp-strings; dear Penelope's complexion was so disheartening, I always called her my brown paper parcel; and my darling Zenobia's poor red nose would have tempted a blackbird. Yet look at them now! Even dear Patience, the poorest of them, has a thousand ounces of plate in her house. It is all nonsense for a pack of silly girls to put on their best frocks and sit quietly down, waiting for a husband. If they want to be courted, they must begin by courting; if they want a fire, they must first light it. The commonest little fright may have the pick of the Blue-book, if she has only the proper judgment to make love to her Adonis without his finding her out. The vanity of man, my dear, is such that he will gobble up compliments as gluttonously as a Frenchwoman. But remember, my dear, our little one must on no account outstep the delicate timidity of our sex. She must pat and caress the wretch's vanity with a hand so light that it would not wake a sleeping weasel; she must merely impress him with the belief that he is at length appreciated. If he attempt wit, there is no objection to her helping him in the difficulty; if he is fond of serious converse, a well-directed girl will naturally look solemn and impressed. I never knew a man yet, my dear, who objected to being admired, and in self-defense he tries to prove that his admirer is capable of judging. He returns the compliment, and calls her a clever creature. When others laugh at his stupid remarks, he remembers the upturned eyes that seemed to worship his words as he uttered them; when his little sparks of wit twinkle and expire, he recalls the sweet lips that parted so merrily, and showed the little teeth all of a row. To save his own self-esteem he vows that Phillis is the only being that properly understands his value, and for fear the market should decline still lower, he speculates in Phillis. These are my views, my dear," added her ladyship to her poor relation; "and although your Stella must be at least forty, if she will follow my advice she may yet marry a widower."

The history of Zenobia's courtship is peculiarly applicable to the month of January, and may be quoted as a fine illustration that love is never out of season, but is as sweet when cold Winter reigns as 'neath a July sun—whether we tread on violets or slide on the bosom of the lake.

The first and only offer submitted to the trembling Zenobia for her acceptance came from a gentleman in skates.

So long as any of her ladyship's daughters were blessings unbestowed, it was her custom to entertain much company at "The Towers." For fear her son, the gay Lord Martello, might, after the pleasures of a soldier's life, consider the home of her ancestors dull, the doting mother generously allowed him *carte blanche* to invite any of his brother officers whose fortunes stamped them as men of sterling worth.

One Christmas, during Zenobia's dispiriting fourth season, the guests were unusually numerous, but to no one was a warmer welcome given than to the elegant Lieutenant Hallen, a deserving officer, who was serving his country merely for the fun of the thing. The Lieutenant had not been two days at "The Towers" before he observed to Lord Martello that his sister Zenobia had a fine foot. He was in a foot regiment.

Certainly, Zenobia was unusually favored with this blessing *a la Chinoise*. It—the foot—stamped Lieu-

tenant Hallen as a man of superior attainments, that he should have discovered and appreciated this perfection.

To Zenobia herself her feet were far from being objects of dislike. She tended them with the prettiest care. Her bottines were supplied by the Maison Bugnion of Paris, renowned for its *specialite de chaussures des dames.* It was the prettiest sight in the world to watch Zenobia skipping over a puddle, and Lieutenant Hallen confessed in after-life that he had stood many a time peeping behind a curtain merely to see her trip across the doorway and spring up the carriage-steps.

The winter of Zenobia's fourth season was unusually severe—so cold, indeed, that the poor girl would sometimes creep up to the fire and rest her little foot on the fender. As the warm blaze played upon the high instep, she once remarked to Lieutenant Hallen, who was, as usual, by her side, enjoying his opportunity, "I can scarcely feel my poor little feet."

"And I can scarcely see them," the brave officer replied, with a gallantry that scorned to be truthful, for Zenobia was doing her utmost to assist his eyesight.

It was noticed by her ladyship that during their walks the young soldier invariably preferred the society of her daughter, or, if another robbed him of her company, he might be seen following at her heels, his eyes modestly resting on the ground. The moments were of unequaled bliss to him when a slight thaw stopped their path, for Zenobia had a virtuous horror of mud, and would be constantly peeping at her boots, crying out in her pretty way, "Oh, what horribly muddy feet!"

Occasionally, too, her better feelings would be called into play—as, for instance, when the sensitive girl stumbled against some awkward stone, "My tiresome little foot, I've knocked it off!" the poor child would exclaim, smiling despite the pain, and holding forth the suffering yet fascinating member. The first time the gallant officer witnessed this distressing accident he replied, "We must stop till we find it again; you'll never get another like it."

Her ladyship, who had been fretting over the high flush which from a child—through indigestion—had mantled in her Zenobia's nose, was but too pleased to find that the other extremity of her darling's form had monopolized attention. Up to that time her wit had ever been on the alert to defend her fond one's nasal organ. When it was unusually brilliant she would ingeniously observe, "I wish this horrible winter were gone, it is such unbecoming weather for the poor nose! Yours, Lieutenant Hallen, is quite pink. And so is yours, my dear Zenobia." But what did one so passionately fond of feet as the Lieutenant care for the hue of a nose?

There is no exercise more healthy or warming than skating. There was a fine sheet of ornamental water in the Martello grounds, where the gentlemen often enjoyed this manly sport. One day, as Zenobia stood shivering on the margin of the frozen lake, watching the sylph-like attitudes of the performers, Lieutenant Hallen, his face glowing with exercise, invited his lovely audience of one to try her powers.

"I should never be able to stand on my poor little feet," objected Zenobia.

"Try," pleaded the admiring officer, looking down at the feet.

"I should tumble down and die of bumps, or make a hole and be drowned," replied the timid little puss.

But a loving eye was at that moment looking through an opera-glass from an upper window of "The Towers," watching the countenances of the unsuspecting ones.

The owner of this eye was wondering to herself what they could be talking about, that *he* should look so perky, *she* so sly; and when, on her daughter's return, the truth was told, her quick brain at once appreciated the importance of the proposition.

"Zenobia!" exclaimed the excited parent, "to-morrow you skate."

"My dear mamma! I shall break my limbs," objected the pouting child.

"Stuff! Put on two crinolines! Your brother has the Martello foot; his skates will fit you!" replied the parent. "And, pay attention to me, sweetest, wear your bronze boots. Mention the subject to me before *him* this evening."

Her wishes were dutifully obeyed, and a lively discussion on the impropriety of ladies learning to skate, in which her ladyship proved herself no match for the talented Lieutenant, ended in an unwilling assent. "There is a great deal of truth," observed her ladyship, "in what you have stated about this accomplishment being of service to my Zen, should destiny place her lot in the frozen regions; and the instance you mention of the Dutch women skating to market is a powerful argument, I confess freely. I adore, I love the useful! But let me implore you to be careful of my pet! Do not quit her hand; be ever by her side, until she is *au fait* at this treacherous art."

When a young gentleman undertakes to teach a young lady the art of skating the dangers she risks are small indeed compared with those which beset the tutor. True, she may tumble once or twice, and scramble on her hands and knees, and be laughed at; but his fall, poor man, will be a desperate one—he will fall in love. To him every inch of the ice should be declared "dangerous."

Her ladyship knew all this when she uttered the words—"To-morrow you skate."

In the first place, it is essential that the fair pupil should be able to use her foot freely, and this can only be done by reefing up the petticoats ankle-high, after the fashion of a Swiss maiden. If, as was the case with our Zenobia, nature has carefully finished her work from ankle to toe, it is a great treat to all men of elegant tastes to enjoy this innocent exhibition, which comes but once a year.

Is it not also delightfully suggestive to feel how thoroughly the pretty trembling creature is dependent upon you for her safety? How precious you have become in her sight! If you leave her but for an instant her eyes follow you sorrowfully, and her voice pleads coaxingly as she totters. She beseeches, she entreats you to return. The modest beauty, who an hour since blushed as she shook your hand, now clings to your arm as if you were her only hope in life; and let me tell you, Sirs, to be squeezed about and cuddled by little hands no bigger than paper-weights will, if continued for long, affect the brain, and make you see "double."

The greatest luxury of love is its sense of protection, and curiously enough it both precedes and follows love. That the fragile innocent is so entirely at your mercy makes the heart tender and careful. Absorbed by her fear, she forgets all the governess has taught her as to her proper behavior before gentlemen; her coaxing appeals are entreating enough to be thought affectionate; and before twenty minutes have flown the heart frizzles on the grill, and your destiny is cooked.

On the eventful morning when the nervous Zenobia, sacrificing herself to her mamma's wishes, ventured on the ice it seemed to her as if she had exchanged her legs for two highly-tempered foils, which bent and wriggled under the weight of her body.

When left to herself her ankles began to twist in and out, while the wind, rushing with violence against her full skirts, forced her to describe a half circle, and placed her with her back toward the gay Lieutenant, who was flourishing a figure of eight in the distance.

Unable to behold the only creature who could help her, alarmed at the sudden fit of bobbing which jerked her body into a hundred attitudes, she exclaimed, in piercing accents:

"Lieutenant Hallen, come! come! I want you! Oh, quick! quick!"

Yet he came not. She felt she must fall.

"Dear Mr. Hallen," she cried again. "Oh, please do! You must; oh, do—now!"

Still her appeal was unanswered. Already her body bent forward so that she could distinctly see her skates; her arms and fingers were extended; when, forgetting every thing but her hopes for assistance, she allowed these pathetic words to betray the secret of her heart:

"Oh come! come! dearest Mr. Hallen! I am sure I shall fall! Make haste! Oh, Mr. Charles, dear Charles, I know I shall fall! Please! Oh, dearest Charley, I'm certain I shall! Oh! oh! oh!"

A manly arm was round her waist, and raised her tenderly. It was the first time she had uttered his Christian name, and the effect electrified his very knees.

Another great peril which the professor of skating must be prepared to encounter arises from cold fingers. The young lady, fatigued with having to twirl her arms and jerk her body about like a boy walking on a wall, or exhausted by the violence of her attitudes—now bending suddenly forward as if the middle joints had suddenly given way, and now throwing herself backward as though a wasp had flown at her nose—at length struggles toward some object for support, and clings to it with the clutch of despair. Then the fingers begin to freeze.

By the time her professor comes to her aid she could not, though a thousand yards of the richest silk were the wager, fasten his shirt button. The most reasonable and expedient way to warm cold fingers is to press them between two warm palms. As the grateful girl feels the heat return, she murmurs—"Oh, how nice!"

The professor is apt to misconstrue this expression, and take it as a personal compliment, and there have been cases when he has been so loth to part with the pretty fingers that he has proposed keeping the little hand for the longest period man can call his own.

Several times did the gallant Lieutenant yield himself up to the sweet influences of the skating lessons.

The sprightly Zenobia was a quick scholar, and in a short time she could run races with her tutor and romp with him in the delights of the sport. On one occasion they ran against one another, and had to cling tightly to each other to save the fall; and the position was so poetically suggestive that the brave soldier felt how much better it would be to make a clean breast of his troubled bosom and end his sufferings.

He taught her "to do" the inner and outer edge of the circle; they practiced quadrilles, and she learned how to skate out her own name in the snow-drift. As she executed these difficult performances, one leg slightly elevated *à la Taglioni*, the arms waving gracefully, and the body undulating to the alternate skate, the Lieutenant gazed in silent wonder, while his heart bounded like a foot-ball.

But the crisis did not declare itself until one afternoon when the straps on dear Zen's left foot—her prettiest *foot*—caused her such intense pain she was obliged to sit upon the icy bank and allow the compassionate Charles to unbuckle the cruel thongs.

He, humbly kneeling, performed the charitable office; but lo! the unkind skate removed, instead of liberating the little foot, he still retained his hold, and as it rested on his palm gazed on it intensely like unto one consulting a watch. He was filled with admiration and tenderness.

The miraculous influence which small feet exert over sensitive minds is such that reason has been known to totter on its throne. That celebrated maker of ladies' boots, Monsieur Lehocks, is frequently obliged to send his young gentlemen of the trying-on room to the sea-side to renew their shattered systems.

The Lieutenant gazed on the little foot, and then bowing his head as if in worship kissed the patent-leather tip as reverentially as if the toe had been the Pope's. Still resting on his knees, he implored the agitated Zenobia to bestow on him her foot in marriage, and she—sweet blushing thing—referred him to her mamma.

On her wedding-day she wore kid bottines of a most delicate peach-color. He was happy!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A FEW weeks ago we recommended those who had any curiosity to see a genuine, old-fashioned New England snow-storm to make a trip "Down East." We take back our advice. It is not worth any thing. Such a journey is totally unnecessary. An old-fashioned snow-storm has been imported into New York city. It arrived about the middle of last week, and only differed from the genuine originals in duration. But for one entire day it raged in the true style, which is quite familiar to denizens of Maine and Vermont, but which is not so intimately known to dwellers in our city. But last week it snowed, and blowed, and drifted. Streets, sidewalks, back-yards and front-yards, door-steps and window-sills were piled with feathery masses to the immense delight of frolicsome juveniles, and to the great annoyance of every house-keeper. At least one extra servant was needed to dispose of the incessant troop of men and boys, armed with shovels and brooms, who insisted upon tossing your snow from one side of the yard to the other. Just as if Æolus and all his aids were not tossing it enough without any terrestrial assistance! No use to shovel snow out of one's yard until the Elements have done shoveling it in!

The truth is, we have had a tremendous snow-storm—its equal has not been known among us for many years. Sleigh-bells jingle in our streets right merrily, and we are having a taste of rare amusements as a counterpoise to the unusual number of frosty days. People complain that we have had an extra amount of cold weather this winter. Certainly our toes and noses vote against it just at present. But December and January must be put in the scales with July and August—taking the four months together, there is no cold to spare, though we might desire it to be more equally distributed.

Several prominent gentlemen in this city are interested in an effort which is being made to establish a boarding-house for workwomen. It is proposed to obtain a house in a central neighborhood, to furnish it neatly but inexpensively, to oblige those occupying it to conform to certain rules, to place it under the charge of a competent matron, and to put the price of board at the lowest possible rate which will at once cover the daily expenses and secure the class of women for whom the house is designed. Comfortable board is now enormously high, and such an institution, properly conducted, and made home-like, would be a blessing to many.

It was recently decided in the Court of Common Pleas in this city that in the phrase, "Will not be liable for an amount exceeding $50 upon any article," which is usually upon the check of a baggage expressman, the word "*article*" may be applied to each item of the contents of the trunk, and not merely to the trunk itself.

A novel custom has been introduced into some of the Southern States. It is reported from North Carolina that a wedding was recently celebrated in Raleigh, at which the guests, receiving the usual cards of invitation, were required to pay an entrance fee of five dollars, and after entering the charmed precincts were required to pay five dollars more for refreshments. The money was turned over to the bride and groom, who had taken this method of raising money to start on their journey through life. The fortunate couple are said to be from among "the upper crust of darkeydom."

A Portland paper says that the fire is still burning in the ruins of Brown's sugar-house—six months from the time of the great conflagration. Considering the amount of rain and snow which has fallen in the interval, it seems wonderful that the fire should have kept alive so long.

Mrs. Burdell-Cunningham, who obtained such an unenviable notoriety some ten years ago, resides in a small town of Lower California. She has been engaged there in superintending the operations of a silver mine purchased by herself, and has displayed remarkable energy and capacity for business.

The oldest stove in the United States, if not in the world, is that which warms the hall of the Capitol of Virginia, in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Virginia in 1777. The great republic of America has been torn by civil war, the breaches partly healed, and still the old stove has remained unmoved in the midst of all.

A writer from San Francisco in discoursing upon fashion, shopping, and other kindred topics as they appear in his vicinity, says:

"There are four articles that woman requires on this earth to enable her to lead a calm and placid life—diamonds, a lace shawl, a camel's hair, and a set of furs a little better than those of her intimate and particular friend; and faith they are pardonable weaknesses, and a man who can afford the expenditure, and don't make it, is a curmudgeon, and don't know the value of peace and quietness."

Some unfortunate, once the proud possessor of a silk umbrella, but who was deprived of it on a chance visit at some city church, thus mildly makes complaint:

"It is to be feared that church-members, above reproach in the general tenor of their lives, will sometimes select from a pile of umbrellas one which they are not sure belongs to them, and will let it hang on their rack, or devote it to household use, with but little concern about the rights of the true owner. Others of equally good character will borrow one and wear it out, never mentioning their delinquency nor thinking of offering payment."

The irresistible inclination which children—whether small or of larger growth—have to do what they are gratuitously told *not* to do, is pretty well illustrated by the following anecdote, whether it be a true one or not:

"A young married man being about to leave home, said to his wife: 'Now, Julia, you may do any thing you please while I am away, except ride Jowler, the house-dog.' 'Ride Jowler! what do you mean?' 'Never mind, only I warn you not to ride Jowler.' When the husband came home Julia had a black eye and an arm in a sling. 'Why, Julia, what's the matter?' 'Well, you told me not to ride Jowler, and I thought it must be very nice, or you wouldn't have told me not to do it, so I got on his back, and he threw me down stairs.'"

From a London journal we quote the following "antidote" to hydrophobia. It appears that a certain German forest-keeper, eighty-two years old, not wishing to carry to the grave an important secret, has published in a German paper a recipe he has used for fifty years, and which, he says, has saved several men and a great number of animals from a horrible death by hydrophobia. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

A French work recently published maintains that every ten thousand five hundred years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory the last of these deluges occurred four thousand five hundred years ago; the next one is due in six thousand years more. Such a remote calamity as this is not personally alarming to us.

An English paper has the following item:

"A lady from a neighboring village last week had her likeness taken by a photographist, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original."

This reminds us of a little anecdote told of Fénelon. It seems that Fénelon, who had often unsuccessfully applied to Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you."

Not many weeks since a young lad in Ireland, while employed in a room which was undergoing some alterations, found under the flooring a mass of honey weighing over 120 pounds, the fruits of many years' industry of the busy insects. The proper precautions having been taken, the monster honey-comb was made secure by the fortunate finder.

A coroner's inquest in London recently brought to light the following sad story: A man and his four children, following the occupation of artificial flower-makers, had an extensive order for wreaths of artificial flowers for one of the Christmas pantomimes. Night and day for ninety-six hours had these poor people stuck to their work so as to have it ready in time; and this, the father stated, he had been frequently compelled to do in order to earn bread for his family. At the close of the fourth day their labors were suddenly stopped by the upsetting of a candle, which simple accident resulted in the burning to death of one of the unfortunate man's children, and the destruction of the whole fruits of the ninety-six hours' constant work.

The highly refined often envy rude and uncultivated races their beautiful teeth. It is said that the Arabs are blessed with remarkably white teeth—a circumstance which is attributed to the almost exclusive use of "couscousson" as an article of food, and as coffee without sugar as a beverage, besides water. But this is not all; the Arabs rinse their mouths several times at the beginning of each of their four daily ablutions, and thereby any small alimentary particle that may have stuck between the teeth is carried away. They also chew about once a week a bit of bark of a tree, called "sooat," and which seems to be akin to the walnut-tree; the bark must not, however, be chewed until it is reduced to the consistency of a pulp, but, when softened by the saliva, it is taken out, the teeth are rubbed with it, and then wiped with the burnous, which is white.

A comical quarrel was begun in a public street in Paris, a short time since, by a gentleman who roughly accosted a working-man, and accused him of swindling. "You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather." "Sir," answered the vendor of ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed; it is the soil." The gentleman did not continue the discussion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SHADOW WITHOUT A SUBSTANCE.—The shadow of a doubt.

"And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman.

"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it aither."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

A BAD BEGINNING.—The end of the marriage service.

A Down East paper has the following local notice: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantaloons on which never spoke afterward."

STANZA IN THE LUCID STYLE.

The sun sinks in emerald glory,
  Like snakes in the sea.
There are many not old who are hoary:
  There are slaves that are free.
Dost thou love me? No. Else thou wouldn't bite me,
  And sting like a bee!

"I am rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Edwin to his Julia. "Health! I have had the plague ever since I was married," was Julia's response.

Why are the sun and moon like a marriage contract?—Because they govern the tide.

Why is a divorce like high-water-mark on the sea-coast?—Because it is the termination of the tied.

SCENE.—*Third story hall of the Metropolitan Hotel. Waiter with a pitcher of hot water in his hand.*

WAITER (*knocking at a door*).—"Hot water, Sir!"
VOICE FROM WITHIN.—"What sort of a morning is it?"
WAITER.—"Freezing hard, Sir!"
VOICE.—"Then call me when there's a thaw."

OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the chilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I pull the blankets tight,
  And tuck them close around me.
    Yet often still
    Feel dreadful chill,
  Without of warmth a token,
    From bitter winds,
    Through tatter'd blinds
  And window-shutters broken!
So in the chilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I pull the blankets tight,
  And tuck them close around me!

When I remember all
  The times in wintry weather
That sheets and blankets fall
  From off my couch together!
    I really dread
    To go to bed,
  Lest after some hours' dozin',
    Without a quilt,
    I'd waken "kilt,"
  And find myself half frozen.
So in the chilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I pull the blankets tight,
  And tuck them close around me.

"Sambo, wy am dat nigger down dar in de hole ob de boat like a chicken in de egg?" "I gives um up." "Bekase he couldn't get out if it wasn't for de hatch."

What paper has the largest circulation?—Counterfeit 50 cent currency.

Why is a gardener like the balance-wheel of a watch?—Because he regulates the beets.

THE MATRIMONIAL CIRCUS.—The only ring in which the whip should not be used is the wedding-ring. Whenever it is used you may put it down as a badly-managed circle, that is a disgrace to the ring.

THE "BOARDER'S LAMENT."

[*Tune*—"Saw My Leg Off."]

Hash for breakfast,
Hash for dinner,
Hash for supper,
Hash!

A PARCEL OF PROVERBS.

If the cap fits, wear it—out.

Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!

Faint-heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.

Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.

The best of friends must part—their hair.

Any port in a storm—but old port preferred.

One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.

Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

When is a ship like the most profitable hen?—When she lays too.

GOOD ADVICE.

HUSBAND. "Mary, my love, this apple-dumpling is not half done."
WIFE. "Well, finish it, then, my dear."

CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF MAN.

The Inquisitive Man thrusts his head into a bee-hive.

The Contented Man cuts his own hair.

The Extravagant Man keeps his coals in a volcano.

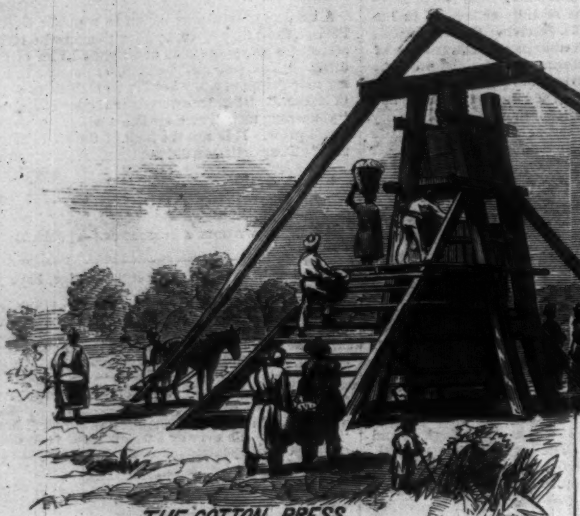
The Hasty Man drinks his tea with a fork.

The Reckless Man is like a dog in a sausage shop.

The Passionate Man picks his teeth with the tail of a dragon.

SHORT BUT AFFECTING DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.—A cruel step-father unmercifully beat his two step-sons. The elder went for a soldier; the younger went for a policeman.

Men are like wagons; they rattle most when there's nothing in them.

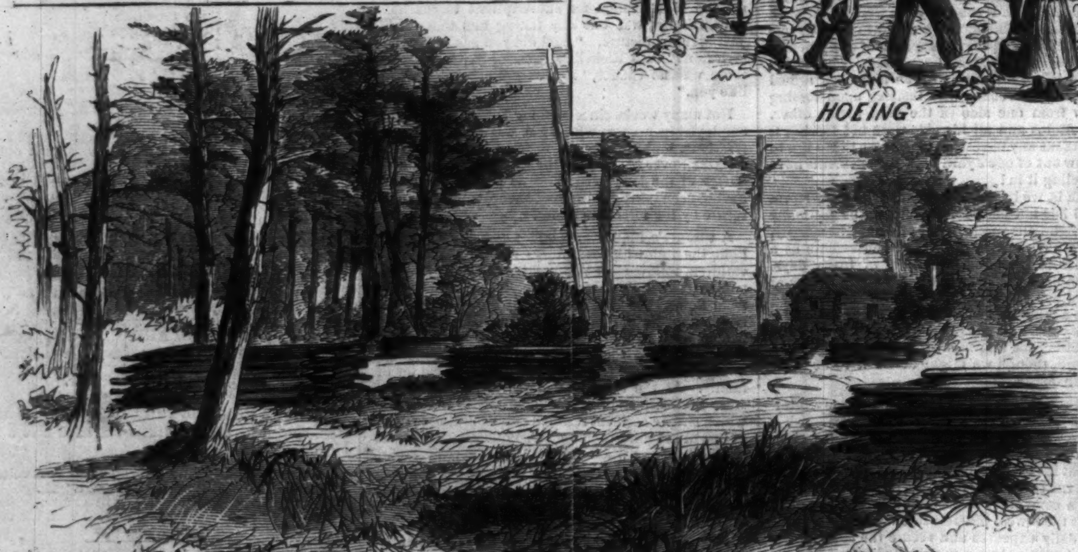

THE COTTON PRESS.

RATION DAY.

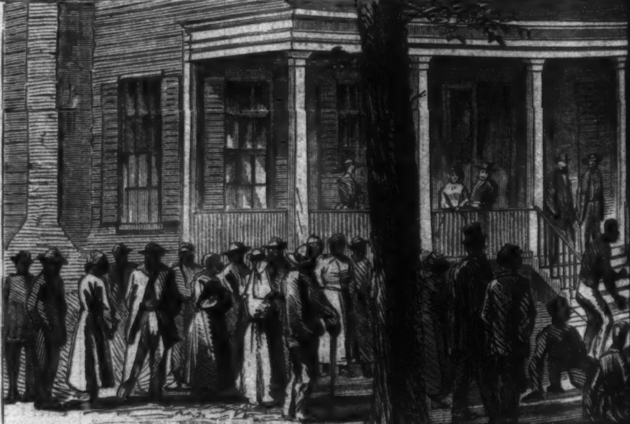
SOWING.

THE CALL TO LABOR.

HOEING.



PLANTATION GRAVEYARD.


SATURDAY EVENING'S DANCE.

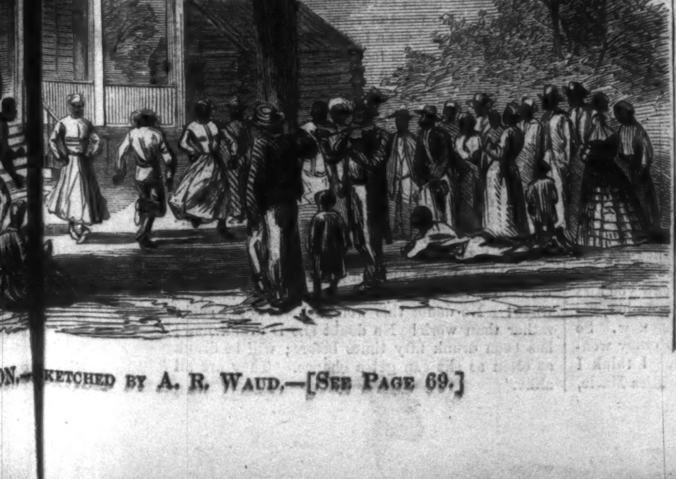
SCENES ON A COTTON PLANTATION.—

THE COTTON GIN.

PLOUGHING.

THE PLANTER AND HIS OVERSEER.

PICKING.



PRAYER MEETING

...ON.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 69.]

EMBROIDERY.

Ply the needle and bend the head,
The tapestry of life must be
Colored with many a curious thread
Of ebon and of ivorie.

Skeins of orange and purple and blue,
First take and 'broider into flowers,
Fair types of those sweet ones that strew
The pathway of our earliest hours;

With here and there a sombre thread,
To show where the faint shadows fall,
When, truants from our books, we fled
To loiter in the hazel dell;

Or wandering under woodlands dim,
Beside the trout-stream quick and cool,
In learning how to fish or swim,
Neglected lessons taught at school:—

Ply the needle and bend the head,
The brightest of bright colors take,
Amber yet moist from its sea-bed,
Violet amethyst and lake;

Twining them into beauteous shapes,
To true-love knots and hearts akin,
Roses and trellis-work, where grapes
Hang down in glossiness of skin;

Showing the seasons, when with rare
Fond thoughts our pulses danced in glee,
And, lit by love, the earth shone fair
As sunset on a tropic sea:—

Ply the needle and bend the head,
Take threads of sad and sable hue,
Then pensive for our dear ones dead,
Shape drooping cypress and dark yew;

For sorrow, on the track of youth,
Comes swiftly with unflagging wing,
And manhood brings to light the truth
We saw not for the leaves of spring.

With softest wool of Afric's dye,
Memorials make, each ebon spot
Will tell of hopes that bloomed to die,
Of friends whose memories serve them not.

The sweet rosemary, bitter rue,
Must on the varied web appear,
But with them violets of rare blue,
White lilies such as martyrs wear.

Joining the beauteous with the sad,
As rainbows over clouds are thrown,
To teach that God would have us glad,
Despite all epitaphs on stone.

GRUMPER.

"Look here, gentlemen," said Grumper, gruffly; "what is the good now? Aren't you always at it, and isn't the charitable slough bigger and blacker than ever it was? The good comes to the top, and the dregs filter into our slums and alleys, and breed thieves there. It is a natural law that there should be such scum, as there are snakes and bats and mosquitoes, the Lord knows why! What are you going to do about it, so long as you can't let in a second flood and wash the back streets of the city clear of them? And what have I got to do with it? One of you, gentlemen, talked about brotherhood. People are naked and hungry because they are vicious, and I don't own to such brothers as that. I say, help those that help themselves. I started on a capital of two hands, willing to work, and worked my way up to the salary of Burlaps and Tackem's head book-keeper. I say, let them do the same; and they'll do it a good deal sooner, in my opinion, gentlemen, if you charitable folks will let them alone, and make them understand—make them understand—that there is to be no codding. They are to work or starve."

Mr. Grumper brought his hand down heavily on the table, and looked as unrelenting as Pluto. In fact, this "piece of his mind," as he called it, was not only a characteristic sample, but his most cherished opinions and prejudices went into the weaving of it, and he habitually kept a large stock on hand for the benefit of such charitable folk as were unlucky enough to call on him. So, having bowed out the discomfited committee, he went up stairs to bed with that warm glow in his breast popularly supposed to be the symptom of a kind action.

As usual, before retiring, Grumper turned out the gas, and groped the way to his pillow; but not, as usual, as he crossed the hearth-rug, the dark widened and expanded about him. He stretched out his arms, but touched nothing, although his dressing-bureau should have been almost under his hand. He attempted to find the gas-burner, and walked through unaccountable spaces—considering that his room was not made of gutta-percha—but his fingers found neither wall, table, nor bracket. He was conscious also of a new atmosphere striking upon him with uncomfortable rawness, and of a singular sense of tenuity within himself, and, while he hesitated, was startled by a sudden dash of light and a shriek below him. I say below him. Grumper's position was peculiar. He was looking down into his own sleeping-room at a large, solid Grumper, prone on the hearth-rug, and at his daughter Janet, trying frantically to lift this Grumper in her arms.

The inference was unpleasant, and Grumper experienced that ghostly emotion which is equivalent to breaking out in a cold perspiration for earthly bodies; but his first utterance was worthy of that excellent man of business, Burlaps and Tackem's head book-keeper:

"I haven't saved a cent. Poor Janet! That is," brightening a little, "if I am really dead." Not that there should have been any rational doubt on that score; but Grumper, like those who are still in the body, was slow to believe disagreeable facts, and stuck by fag-ends of hope about trances, catalepsy, and the like, till the doctor came and declared, with unction, that the body had been dead an hour at least. Then Grumper felt that he was dead indeed, though in point of time the doctor was wrong. It was just twenty-five minutes by the time-piece on the mantle since he had stepped across the rug and out of his body.

It is generally supposed that when we quit our houses of clay we walk out of them as we do out of other furnished houses, taking none of the appanages with us. But if this be the rule, then Grumper's case is the exception; for while they arranged his funeral below his poor old ghost sat up above, and worried about his Janet, left without kith or kin, more careful and anxious than ever he had been in the flesh, with the addition of a wider vision, over, of course, a wider field of worry, and a vexed sense of the folly of a being reduced to the consistence of whipped syllabub, troubling himself at all about solid interests.

While he was in this anxiety John Goodabricke came to condole with Janet.

John, put him where you liked, and look at him whenever you chose, was a plain man; forty years old, twenty-one years older than Janet. He was in love with Janet, of course, in the most awkward, possible way; and, being shy in her company, was without the advantage before her of a certain rugged show of strength and fidelity that procured him respect in other society; and Janet would doubtless have refused him if it had not been for a meddlesome woman; but she, Janet I mean, was only a grown-up baby, with lovely brown eyes; used to do as she was bid by one who sat in the arm-chair of evenings; and now the arm-chair was empty, and a desolate silence had fallen over the house, and she listened readily enough to the first voice that addressed her with authority.

"La! my dear!" said this voice. "Why, I call this providential! Here are you without a place for your head, and I can tell you there are dozens of girls with homes and friends that would jump at John Goodabricke. There isn't a stick of furniture in his house that's poor; I have been in it, and I should know; and he's a kind man, and will make you a good husband, my dear, if you have the wit to take him."

So the lonely little girl married John Goodabricke, because she was bid, and luckily had not the courage to do otherwise—showing that cowardice is sometimes as good as common sense, and that here and there a meddlesome one may be excused for living.

Nunc dimittis, chanted Grumper from the ceiling, and thought that now he should indeed depart in peace; but some attraction, certainly not gravitation, still held him fast there, stuck in a corner, like a child's balloon, and making him spitefully recall his funeral sermon, in which the minister had assured his friends that he, Grumper, had done forever with earthly anxieties, and was now at rest. Also, Grumper was much perplexed, because it appeared to him that he had died, and that his funeral had been dispatched, Janet married, and a little Rob grown under his eyes, to walking alone all on that Christmas-eve, on which he had dismissed the charitable committee—which was a manifest absurdity—wherefore he justly concluded that having done with time he no longer comprehended it, and had lost the method of dividing eternity into days and years. Did John and Janet build their nest in the house celebrated by the voice, "in which there wasn't a stick of furniture that was poor?" Grumper could not have told you. He was growing dull about certain earthly surroundings that he had once considered of first importance, and wide-awake about atmospheres, and influences, and things of that sort, formerly ignored by him as a practical man; but he knew that his poor, thin consistence warmed almost to life in Janet's sunny housekeeping. Janet went about light-footed and lighter hearted, with here a bit of a song and there a laugh, and a romp with Rob, and you might have said that the whole house bloomed in her hands and in her colors. Rob grew lustily, and had Janet's lovely eyes, and his father's shoulders, and a look that Janet often declared "was like poor pa!" at which poor pa was always inclined to whimper. It is so pleasant to be remembered, even if you are a ghost. All day long Rob turned the house upside down, and Janet followed settling it, pretending to scold, but with a smile in her eyes, and secretly thinking that he was the cleverest, the tallest, and the sweetest boy of his age; and at night, when Rob was safe in bed, she recounted his badness to John, and they chuckled over it together. For John, he bettered with age, like oaks and old wine, and it was quite wonderful the way in which he doted on Janet, and in which she loved him back again, unless you consider that love, like charity, leaves you richer for lavishing it; and here was John's case; also, that there are two kinds of love—the first is struck out, like a spark, from external circumstances, and is as long-lived as other sparks. The second is the natural and constant growth from fidelity, tenderness, and magnanimity; and here was Janet's case.

Yet Grumper saw a shadow. Where he first spied it, or whence it fell, not even his subtle perception could detect; but it was there. Was it in Janet? She sat on her husband's knee, twisting his grizzled hair on her slender finger and—hear her:

"I like to say over how good *you* have been to me," she tells him in her soft, caressing voice, "for that is counting my treasure—all rich folks do that; and I think now it is all the better, John, because, at first, I hardly loved you; that is, not so very much. You are my book, you see; and you were given to me shut up; and you know, Sir, you are not a pretty book, and you are written in crabbed letters; and the foolish child—that is me—would have liked better, perhaps, at first, if you had been a Child's Own Book, in gay colors and large letters, that I should have read once, and thrown aside forever; while you, dear book"—with her arms close about his neck—"make me better and wiser for reading; and I like every reading better: and now, John, you are my priceless treasure—twice mine, for I discovered you; I found you out first, you know. You were not to be read at a glance, like the Child's Own Book, and I was the first you took to your heart; and I like to think it, for I believe I am a jealous little woman, John."

"Such a battered book! so roughly bound!" answers John, fondly, yet uneasily. "Who besides you would have cared to read it, Janet?"

"Plenty," says Janet, positively; and so bright and triumphant in the conviction that all womankind would have snapped eagerly at her John if they could have seen him within reach, that she never sees him wince under her exultation; but Grumper looks anxiously at this treasure of a John and at the shadow, barring the cheerful fire-light and falling around them both. "Is it, then, in John?" asks Grumper of himself.

A long pull at the bell startled Janet from her seat. "Well, I never!" cried Janet, in a bustle, and running to pull out chairs and straighten the rug: "do you go, John. I wonder who it is!" for their bell was seldom pulled of evenings.

There never was such a guilty John. He was red and undecided in the legs, and stammering all at once; and, "I think," he said at last, in a weak voice, "that it is likely to be Miss Marle."

"Miss Marle!" echoed Janet.

"I told her," explained John, much flurried, and with his hand on the door, "to bring her trunk—for a time—an old friend's child—" What miserable work he made of it! He grew almost angry. "I am sure I told you, Janet," he said, sharply, and banged the door. "Sure he told her!" oh, John! such a foolish lie! when you knew, and she knew that you knew, that you had never told her! and you knew, and she knew that you knew, that she had never heard the name before! Janet stood quite still, looking at the fire, feeling vaguely frightened if any thing; and the shadow came up broadly over the hearth and darkened in her eyes; and John came up the stairs, bumping Miss Marle's trunk hardily about and talking loud, and stopped at the door to hearten himself and pull out his furtive face into its honest look before he should say, Janet, my dear, Miss Marle. Janet opened the door. "Janet, my dear," said John. Janet lifted her eyes. John felt that he turned sneaking. "Miss Marle," he finished, hastily. The shadow filled the room and struck it cold and cheerless on the instant.

Miss Marle was possibly eighteen—a tall girl; she would have made two of Janet; a dazzling girl in light colors: with the sunniest hair, and such a mass of it; the clearest pink and white in her cheeks; the shapeliest hand, and the bluest eyes, smiling roguishly, and with evident understanding and astounding assurance in John's uneasy, downcast face.

"How do you do, Miss Marle?" said Janet, nippingly; and then grew suddenly and furiously red. Providentially, at that moment, that blessed Rob set up a howl from an inner room—else who knows what would have happened next?

John looked after her as she shut the door, and dropping his discomfort like a mask, turned a face, full of loving satisfaction, on Miss Marle, who still stood in the door—Janet had not asked her to sit down, the remorseless little woman!—"And how lovely you have grown, my pet," said John, admiringly, passing a great arm about her slender waist.

"And how grizzly you have grown, my pet," returned Miss Marle, pulling maliciously at his whiskers, and calling him fond, saucy little names, as Janet had called him half an hour ago. "The dullest darling!" said Miss Marle, laying her pink cheek on his; "he couldn't have had a guiltier face if he had come to murder his Janet outright and the knife was in his pocket."

"Poor Janet!" said John, stroking the smooth cheek, but with a pained, regretful jar in his voice. He was thinking how she said, with her arms about his neck, "I like to believe that, John, for I am a jealous little woman;" and so Janet saw them, coming back from Rob, by whom she had taken herself to task. "You angry, jealous, spiteful woman!" says Mrs. Janet to herself. "To hurt your dear, good, faithful John when he looked at least to see you civil to his old friend's child. Perhaps he did forget. Was he to have this girl forever on his mind?" and coming back, in this reasonable and compliant state, saw her husband kiss Miss Marle's fresh lips and gently take his arm from about her waist.

"Janet will be back soon now," said this monstrous John, while Janet stands behind him in the door. "Never," sighed Janet, creeping away in the dark to Rob's bed again.

A chill came upon the room. John stirred the fire, but it sulked and smouldered. Between the chill, a moaning wind without, and Janet's absence, John saddened, and went to look for her. She heard him coming, and jumping into bed by Rob, was fast asleep when he opened the door. He looked, and stole back to Miss Marle, who sat by the fire listening to the storm, her shining hair tumbled about her shoulders—a beauty in rose and snow and gold worth looking at; but John sat drearily staring at the hearth. Miss Marle started.

"What is that? Something like a cold breath passed me," she said, shuddering.

The door below closed softly; but as it closed Grumper floated out, and followed close along the dark and windy streets a woman carrying a boy in her arms.

John Goodabricke on his way to bed saw a paper pinned and fluttering from Janet's great, frilled toilet cushion, and stopped to look at it. "Dear John," said the paper. "What is this?" asked John, with a start. "Dear John," said the paper, "I believed in you just as I did in the Bible. You made me feel that you were faithful as that makes me feel that it is true. Every line in your face is honest; every word you say rings true; and I saw you kiss Miss Marle, and take your arm away from her, because, you said, Janet would be back soon now. So I run away from you lest I should go crazy wondering how the truth could be a liar. I think I have a right to Rob, for you will have Miss Marle, and I nothing. And I have taken a little of your money. I know you will not care; and I shall need it at first, if only for Rob's sake. Good-by.
—Janet."

John dropped the paper, and made one stride to the bed. It was empty. His heart began to beat as if it would burst out of his breast. "Janet!" he called, "Janet!" throwing open the doors; and his voice was so hoarse and thick that it frightened even himself. He tore back the bolts and ran frantically into the street, and the storm met him, and beat bitterly against him while he stood looking by the faint glimmer of the lamps along the dark, wet causeway. The strong man grew faint, and his knees shook under him. "To think," he groaned, "of Janet staggering through this with Rob! My tender, timid little lamb! Oh, Janet!"

Janet had taken thirty dollars of "John's money," as she called it: a tolerable capital, she thought, in her simplicity, with two hands willing to work. She had her father's pet phrase aptly on her tongue; and up and down the streets she walked seeking work, and finding none; and up and down these streets followed Grumper mournfully, his heart very sore, and some of his foundation-principles getting loose and shaky. Rob, patient little fellow, staid at home; "the best boy in the world," Janet said—so good, in fact, he made her heart ache! And every day she came home without work for those willing, unskillful little hands; and every night she counted her money by way of improving on this heartache. There were plenty of places, but Janet did not fit in them. She was too young, and too pretty, and too slender, and too shy, and too proud, and too ignorant of every thing. The money dwindled and dwindled, and Janet hired a room in a tenement house, and moved there with Rob and Grumper. Oddly enough, on entering Grumper was almost blown out again on a whiff of air made by the brisk descent down the dirty stairs of a stout gentleman—the speaker of the charitable committee; and the poor old ghost, forgetting that he was invisible, curled himself up as small as possible lest the man should say: "You here! who acknowledge no fellowship with those who work their way down to tenement houses?"

The money dwindled and dwindled; and Janet had no work yet, except a bit of sewing here and there, not enough to buy them coals, though the Christmas-tide was drawing near. All circumstances conspired against her; for ill chances are like the Forty Thieves. They all steal into the house where one has made his mark. Janet came to the last dollar. Janet spent it, cent by cent, with fear and terror. Janet was without a cent. You would hardly have known the child; she had grown so pale and wild. Rob, who had nearly broken her heart, by saying, when he saw her wet eyes, "I am not *very* cold, mamma!" began to pipe now, "I am not *very* hungry, mamma!" When she heard that Janet grew ghastly, and giving Rob her crust, went out, hungry, cold, broken-hearted, and desperate, into the merry streets, full of merry people, smiling papas and mammas, loaded with curious bundles, going cheerfully about in a world dazzling with snow and sunshine, and dizzy with swift darting sleighs, that made Janet's head reel as she walked with feeble, uncertain steps. Her head swam; her eyes were dim. I do not think she was very certain of any thing, except that a patient little baby boy, who was not *very* hungry, waited for her at home. In this way, Grumper following, she went on, turning aimlessly down one street and up another, till she found herself, rather from instinct than intention, before John Goodabricke's door.

"I will ask John," said Janet, dreamily. "He will not let Rob starve," and rang the bell. A woman answered it; a stranger, who stared at Janet.

"Mr. Goodabricke! He don't live here now. He has let the house."

"Gone with Miss Marle!" said Janet to herself, in a leaden way, and stumbled on. Twilight came early; but the crowd grew in the street. Christmas-eve, you know, and every body was out, buying, smiling, chatting, pushing their way good-humoredly; now and then one turning a head to look after Janet, sitting with an aimless face on a step. The stores began to blaze with lights. "Rob will be alone in the dark, and so hungry," said Janet to herself, and got on her feet. Hungry and likely to starve in this great city! "No, he shall not starve," vows Janet, with a gleam of the old fire. She went into the first shop, a bakery as it happened. One or two of the people stared at her in answer, but no one gave. "He shall not starve!" muttered Janet, slipping quickly out of the door and around a corner. "That woman put a loaf under her shawl," says one in surprise to the burly man behind the counter. A boy darted to the door and yelled, "Stop thief!" "Stop thief!" echoed the people without. Janet hears, going down her dark street. "For Rob," she says to herself, and starts on a feeble run; loses breath, grows sick, grows dizzy. The strength is out of her knees; there is a roaring in her ears; and Grumper stops, shivering and bemoaning himself; filled with a dark dread, pierced with bitter anguish, but through it all keenly conscious of a deep want of respectability in the position; himself without a body, looking down on his daughter lying at the foot of a lamp-post, dead, or like dead, with a stolen loaf under her shawl.

The chase did not come their way. No one had seen Janet slip around the corner; but presently a stout man, with a girl hanging on his arm, came with a prosperous step down the echoing street, and looked at the figure dimly seen in the flaring light with deep disgust.

"Bah!" he said, "here is another case for our charitable ones! As if what was good did not always come to the top. It is the dregs that filters into our by-ways and shows us such things as this. What is the use of meddling with them? People who are naked and hungry are vicious or lazy, always! No doubt this woman here would suffer rather than work! No doubt she is drunk now; has been drunk fifty times before; will be drunk as often as she can get a chance. They are all alike."

The lady glanced at Janet and drew her dress aside as she passed on.

"I never can imagine what the motives and feelings of such creatures can be like," she said. "It seems to me they are not of the same—"

The wind carried away their voices and the echo of their steps. Close behind tramped a woman with a basket. She looked at Janet and set down her basket.

"Dear heart! here's a poor crathur now!" she said, lifting Janet's head, and then catching sight of the pale young face. "Och! but it is the mother of the swate little boy! Oh, poor sowl! and how iver'll I be afther gettin her home at all, at all!" Sure, and she's kilt with the hunger, I'm thinkin, and she so young! Worra, worra! if I but had her home onst!"

This was Mrs. O'Rooney, Janet's neighbor in the tenement house. "And do you not think," said a voice in Grumper's ear, "that it would be well to let in a second flood, and wash our lanes and alleys clear of such scum?"

To Rob, whimpering piteously in the dark, entered Mrs. O'Rooney, with warm milk and bread, and various insinuating ways, by which Rob was finally induced to take his supper and go to bed without mamma; and waking duly on the following morning, who should he find in the bed but said mamma, looking alarmingly pale, which fact, however, being a young gentleman of small experience, he did not notice. Janet smiled down on her darling, and called feebly for Mrs. O'Rooney, whom she was sure she had seen in the room before her last nap; but it happened that Mrs. O'Rooney was a person of varied accomplishments. One of these accomplishments was the art of reading, both print and writing, as she declared with pride. Kind Mrs. O'Rooney had been up betimes, washing out for Janet what she called "her bits of clothes;" and while thus engaged she came on a name, done in indelible ink, and in a firm, clear hand—Janet Goodabricke.

"Why, that is the name," cries Mrs. O'Rooney, spelling it letter by letter, "of the gintleman that Mary Killany does the washing for! A quare name it is! By the same token, she was telling me only yestreen"—here she stopped for a doubting look or two at the bed, where Janet slept unconscious, and then trotted out, the garment in hand, leaving Grumper in an ecstasy of hope and fear such as he had never felt in his mortal days, and her sentence unfinished. Wherefore no Mrs. O'Rooney answered Janet's faint call, and being too weak to get up, she dozed again, till Rob shouted in her ear; and rousing in a fright, she saw Rob capering like mad, and John looking at her with a grave face, that had aged and saddened miserably in that brief time since she had fled from him.

"Janet," he said, "my poor stray lamb! How could you be so cruel, Janet? You have nearly broken my heart!" And the water stood in his eyes.

Not yet sure that he was a flesh and blood John and not a dream, Janet looked at him wondering, and then about the room. Instantly the color flew up in her pale face. She had spied Miss Marle in a corner.

"Must you bring her even here?" she asked John, bitterly.

"Her!" repeated John, touching his lips to Janet's forehead. "Who? Helen, there. Why, you are going to be a worse step-mother than I thought, Janet."

"Step-mother!" Janet's brown eyes were wide open now, as she repeated the word. "Step-mother, John?"

"You called me once your book," answered John, speaking slowly and with perceptible effort. "Well, Janet, years before you had ever seen your book, and when it was not such a worn and battered old book as you see it now, there was written in it a story of a love and a marriage; and this story, which was madly sweet in the beginning, was so bitter in the end, that your John resolved to cut the leaves on which it was written quite out of his life. He put the little daughter, all that was left him of this marriage, away at school. He left the place where the story had been written. He detested all women, specially fair-haired, snow-white women, and he always said to himself he should never marry again till he saw you, Janet."

"Till he saw me!" repeated Janet, her eyes fixed on his face, but not without a thrill of triumph and an involuntary glance toward Miss Marle, when he came to the clause about fair-haired, snow-white women. "Yes; go on, John."

"This book," continued John, "crabbedly written in the beginning, and stiff and worn with time, had little in it to please, except Janet's fancy, that she had discovered it; and for that she loved it chiefly."

"Not chiefly, John," put in Janet, earnestly. "Don't say chiefly, John."

"I am telling what this stupid John thought to himself," pursued her husband, tightening his hold on the small hand she had laid in his. "And how should he tell her," he asked himself, "that he was rejected and despised—lightly read once, and thrown aside, as she said of the Child's Own Book, and had laid hopelessly on a corner of Time's shelf till she had picked him up and spelled him out anew? And so," said John, warming up to the first person, "I staved off the thought from day to day till there came a letter from my daughter. I had put her out of my home, and, as far as I could, out of my heart; but I could not send her adrift in the world, and adrift she was on the death of her aunt unless she came to me. So there was I stupidly struck of a heap; and by way of farther confounding myself I set up to be artful. She was a nice child of twelve when I saw her last, and I never guessed that she had grown into a beautiful woman. I said to myself, you were a pitiful and kind-hearted little Janet, and you would take to her as an orphan, and when you came to love each other telling would come easier, perhaps; and then— Janet!" he broke out suddenly, a look of pain and terror coming into his face, "where have you been? How have you lived; you and that other child?"

Janet took his hand and kissed it softly.

"I have you back, and I forget the rest," she said; "only this, John. Sometimes, in my pride and folly, I used to think that there were people who were born to art, and people who were born to trades, and people who did the sinning and desperation, and things of that sort; and that I had no more to do with them than I had with the painter's or ship-builder's craft; but your loving, happy little Janet is that desperate little Janet after whom people cried stop thief last night. The despair and the wickedness were there all ready in my heart, John; and I see now we are all of one family, not in a far-off way, on Sundays, but every day, and we should be pitiful, as to brothers, to those whom Christ was born to save, on this blessed Christmas morning."

"Yes; we should be pitiful, as to brothers, toward those whom Christ was born to save," gurgled Grumper, sniffing and sobbing, and woke. The fire was down, Grumper's neck was stiff, and his daughter Janet was shaking him by the arm.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Janet; "and why in the world did you sleep in your chair, papa?"

IS SLAVERY DEAD?

DEAD! is it dead?
Bury it deep! bury it deep!
Lest it should waken and raise its head
Out of a *sleep*.

Dead! is it dead?
Ring the bells that men may know
It goeth down to its burial bed,
And let it go.

Dead! is it dead?
Over its grave a tablet set,
And write: "By all that rule in dread
This doom be met."

Dead! is it dead?
Proclaim it to the universe:
"The storm is passed from overhead,
And gone the curse."

Dead! is it dead?
Roll the rock above its tomb,
And plant a new growth overhead,
To rise and bloom.

Ring! the old tyrant's dead!
The fair estate is free;
Ring for the brave new heir instead!
Come, Liberty!

CARL SPENCER.

SUCH IS RUSSIA.

I RESIDED in Russia for many years, and I must in justice say that I thoroughly enjoyed my life in its capital. Business succeeded well, my speculations prospered, my wealth was accumulating rapidly, and I felt that there was no extravagance in having luxuries, nor in allowing my family to enjoy them. We entered freely into society, and the Russians always treated us with the greatest kindness. Our children were growing up; the eldest had been educated in London, and had spent her holidays at her grandfather's, in Kent. A short time before we had been surprised by learning that she had formed an attachment with a young neighbor of theirs of good character.

As the season was almost too advanced for traveling the young people petitioned that they might be married in England; and we at last consented, with the proviso that they were to pay us a visit in the following spring. I need not, however, dwell upon our family. The night I speak of was in the depth of winter. Every thing was freezing, and only Russians or Canadians would dream of parties in such weather; but it was the height of the season in St. Petersburg, and the party we gave that evening was expected to go off brilliantly. Our friends were invited to come in masquerade, and we begged our intimates to try and disguise themselves effectually. Our rooms were already crowded, when a stranger, or at least a strange figure, addressed me, saying he was obliged to leave early, and he trusted I would follow his example in returning home: he hoped he should not see me again.

I was astonished by the odd address. At first I thought that he must have imbibed too freely of the sparkling wines in the refreshment-rooms, but then I remembered that they would hardly have been opened. Just then Count Vladimer came up and put his hand upon my shoulder, saying:

"I should scarcely trouble to carry a mask *in my hand* if I were you; for every one has seen your face, so you can not disguise yourself, even if you put it on. Pray! why are you looking so mystified?"

I repeated the words of my visitor, and said I could not forget them, although I knew they were of no consequence.

"I disagree with you," remarked my friend. "Those words must have been intended for a warning. I know that you have done many kindnesses to our people, and one of them has wished to put you on your guard."

"Oh! nonsense," I answered; but the Count persisted. He reminded me that he had known and liked me for years, and he earnestly begged me to act upon the warning. At any rate, if he found that there were grounds for his suspicions, that I would promise to act upon his advice.

"Very well," I said, and turned away.

In half an hour's time I met my friend, who whispered that he wished me to join him in the library, which we found deserted.

"My fears have been corroborated," said the Count; "you are suspected, and will be seized to-morrow, or at any moment, if you show signs of departure. You must quit St. Petersburg to-night."

"Nonsense!" I again repeated; "you do not suppose that I will leave my wife and children on the whispered joke of some scoundrel, perhaps?"

"I do not wish you to leave your wife and children," answered my friend; "take them with you, or possibly you may all be on the road to Siberia before you are aware, and it will be small comfort to you to know that you have done nothing wrong, and that perhaps in twenty years' time you may be acquitted. Be warned in time by a sincere well-wisher."

The Count's arguments had some effect, and I inquired what had best be done.

"Exchange dresses with me," was the answer; "but first order your people to pack a hamper full of eatables on the plea of a surprise for my children, and manage to have both wine and brandy included; then quietly tell your wife to collect her valuables, and conceal them upon her person—she fortunately is wearing her diamonds; then return, and we will change dresses."

This was soon done. My poor wife was one of those valuable women who could take a hint without stunning one with questions. Meanwhile I personated Count Vladimer as well as I was able, wearing the mask tightly fastened, as you may suppose.

The next time we met my kind friend told me that his carriage was fortunately both warm and large, and well supplied with furs, as they had had a long drive from their country seat. He thought our best plan would be to enter it as if we were leaving the party, get fresh horses at Iverskoy, and reach the frontiers with speed, while he and his wife would personate us as long as they could.

"But if there is any risk you will be more likely to suffer than a foreigner."

"Pardon me," he answered; "the Countess is nearly connected with the Empress, and a favorite at Court; and they could not allege that we had done any thing worthy of blame, for surely you might pay me a visit in the country without committing treason; and I could aver on oath that I had no suspicion that you had been guilty of any crime likely to drive you from the country. On second thoughts I think you had better leave your youngest child behind; he is too young to bear the journey, and I will promise that my wife will take the greatest care of him; and now prepare your family with all haste."

I need scarcely say that Count Vladimer spoke English fluently, as compared with most of the Russians, and he acted the part of host capitally; while I persuaded the girls that we intended to carry on the joke of our disguise, and would try and take the servants in when we arrived at Iverskoy, the country seat of Count Vladimer. My daughters were fortunately dressed as Poles, and their sable pelisses, which early in the evening they had deemed to be nuisances, were well qualified for a journey; and a large domino concealed effectually the thick shawls which scarcely suited the embroidered velvet dress of my wife.

I lost no time in explaining matters to my family. My daughters could not believe their ears, while my wife seemed drowned in sorrow that her darling Charlie should be left to the mercy of Russian barbarians.

My thoughtful friend had furnished me with a note to his confidential attendant, and no sooner was it read than he left me, while we recruited ourselves with the hot supper provided for his master. On his return he urged us to start directly. The ladies were wrapped still more warmly in furs and hoods, while I had an immense fur coat assigned to me, the outside being of sheep-skin. Emily, my youngest daughter, declared that I looked exactly like a polar bear raised upon his hind-legs. But to our dismay we found that our extra wraps had so increased our size that it was next to impossible to wedge myself into the carriage. What was to be done? I began to take off my coat, but Vassilievitsch objected:

"I would be sure to require it. Besides," he added, "would it not cause remarks to see a carriage crowded to that extent with lords and ladies, and no servant to attend upon them? Could not my lord attempt to personate a servant, and stay outside the carriage?"

To this I agreed willingly. Vassilievitsch told me that I would find pipes, tobacco, and cigars in the hamper beneath the seat, and a few other things which I might require.

At last we were off at a rattling pace. The Count's horses were first-rate, and they were well driven; but the night grew colder and colder. Anxiety of mind seemed to have deadened my external feelings, and I only dreaded the want of horses. Imagine my delight when we arrived at the post-stage to find four horses in readiness. The Count had ordered one of his people to ride on and give notice of our coming upon business of importance. I now had recourse to the cigars beneath the seat, and a small lantern showed me a most heterogeneous mass of articles; a brace of pistols and ammunition were among the number, and thankful I was to see them, as I was determined to sell my life dearly if we were pursued.

We continued our journey during the following day, the weather continuing fine though cold. A great deal of snow had fallen during the last week, and the roads were heavy in consequence; toward night the wind began to moan in a threatening manner. At the post-house we were strongly recommended to remain all night as the next stage was through a large wood which was frequented by wolves, and the inn-keeper told us that several oxen had suffered from them, though he did not think that they would dare to attack a carriage. Time was too precious for us to spare it for rest, so I said we must continue our journey at all risks. Dispatches of consequence were in the carriage. We hurried on, for the wolves were on all sides making the most horrid noise.

We made but slow progress. At last we came to a full stop. I disentangled myself as well as I was able from all my furs and jumped to the ground. A tree had fallen down across the narrow road. The driver thought we might be able to lift it, but we found it was frozen to the ground. Ivan then got a hatchet and began to cut the top away. I saw that this must be a tedious business, and trembled for the result. The wolves seemed to be creeping nearer and nearer, and they might attack our horses at any moment. I took the hatchet from Ivan's hands and begged him to look after his cattle; but I had soon to relinquish it that I might answer the questions of the women. One of them was sure that wolves were near.

"I am afraid so," was my reply; "that is the reason we are so hurried about the tree; if we can only keep them at a distance till the passage is free I have no fear."

"Make a fire!" cried one of the girls; "that is the way they frighten lions and tigers."

"Yes, but lions and tigers usually reside in hot countries, where sticks are dry," answered I; "but I will speak to our driver about it."

I found him holding with difficulty the startled and frightened animals, and inquired whether a fire would be practicable.

"The best thing that could be done," said he; "get every thing you can spare from the carriage, and if once you can get a blaze the fir-tops may kindle."

On telling the ladies I found they were determined to be useful; so I left it to them and worked hard at the tree while Ivan instructed my daughters; the lid of a box and some straw were soon ignited, and not a bit too soon. The wolves had drawn so near that we could hear them snarling as they hustled one another. But my work was nearly done; the horses were fastened strongly to the trees, and Ivan assisted me in lifting the wood.

When once the road was clear we started; my wife had given Ivan a bottle of brandy, and put another on my seat; and much we needed it, for the cold was intense. Before long the driver told me that one of the horses was lame—he could not keep up with the others. As our speed diminished our enemies crept nearer. I thought of the mask. I had kicked it under the seat, and I remembered the old school-boy dodge of cutting out a turnip and frightening one's friends by putting a light within it. My little lantern would be the very thing. I fastened it into the mask and waited till the wolves drew nearer, then threw it in front of them. The half-starved brutes were startled; they could not make it out. The mask had fortunately fallen so that the light shone through the eyes and mouth and I saw them stop; the foremost went up to it, but seemed afraid to touch it. But the wolves in the rear were impatient and pushed the others on; one fell upon the mask and evidently crushed the lantern, for the light went out, and again the wretches were in pursuit.

"We can not be saved," said Ivan at length, "unless you can think of something else."

"If I had but a rope," I shouted, "I might do something!"

"Then catch this," he answered, and threw a good-sized piece over the top of the carriage; "I brought it in case the harness broke."

I pulled off my long boot, which was lined with sheep-skin with a band of fur round the top, and prayed, as I fastened the rope securely round the instep, that our hungry foes might mistake it for a trap. I then threw it over, and had the pleasure of seeing it bump most satisfactorily along, the wolves keeping at a respectful distance. This continued for a minute or two and then our lame horse fell.

"We must leave him!" cried Ivan, jumping down as he spoke; and I followed his example, cutting the harness with our knives.

"Have your pistols ready," said the Russian, "while I fasten the traces—the wolves are upon us."

And so it was. My boot no longer served to frighten them. It now lay quiet on the snow; and I had just time to turn and shoot the foremost as he was making a spring.

"Mount!" shouted our driver, and I sprang on to the step, managing to shoot an immense wolf who was rushing at one of the horses.

"We are free now," I said to Ivan; "the wolves will surely remain with the lame horse."

"Yes, I think we are," he answered; "but load your pistols; if we do not reach the post-house before they overtake us we shall find them more savage than ever; that poor brute will not be a mouthful for each of them."

But at the edge of the wood we saw the walls of the post-house, just as the pack rushed into the brighter light. They felt they were foiled, and shrank away, howling dismally. As to the ladies, they were really more dead than alive when we helped them out of the carriage, and we all agreed that we must take an hour's rest before we started.

As we reached the frontier another doubt arose. Our passports were *en regle*, but I only had them for my wife, myself, and one of my daughters; they had been made out when we talked of joining my eldest daughter and her husband in Paris, and they were likely to be of service; but how was I to manage about Emma and Carry? After some deliberation, I decided upon consulting our driver, who had behaved so well in our escape from the wolves. So telling the ladies that they might have a short rest at a comfortable little post-house which we had reached, I joined Ivan, offering him a share of my brandy-bottle, and asked if he had not been long in the service of Count Vladimer.

"I am a serf, born on his land," was his reply; "and my father was before me."

"Is he not a good master?" I inquired.

"He is, indeed, my lord," for so he persisted in calling me. "Ah! if all vassals were as fortunate as I have been, Russia would be a different country from what it is."

I said I believed his master trusted him, and I would do the same. I wanted to know what I had best do, as I had not passports for two of my daughters, and I dared not apply to the officials of the frontier towns.

"I fear you would not be allowed to pass," he said; "but could not you get them across the River Memel, and then pick them up after going through the nearest town?"

"How do you mean?" I inquired.

"When we get near to Meretch," Ivan answered, "I could turn aside, for I know the part quite well. The river must be frozen hard at this time, and I or my lord might take the young ladies over, leave them at a cottage close to the banks of the Memel, and then return to the carriage and drive to Meretch, where you can show your papers."

This plan I deemed feasible, although the idea of leaving two young girls at the mercy of strangers was repugnant to my feelings. But when I told my daughters about it, they both declared that they had no fear, and that they would much rather cross the ice than be detained perhaps for weeks at Meretch.

On the banks of the river another difficulty arose. There was no passport for Ivan, and yet we were most unwilling to part from him.

"My lord must condescend to act as driver," said Ivan, "and I can see the young ladies across the river, and protect them from danger if necessary. Or I can stay with the carriage, and on arriving at Meretch pretend to return to St. Petersburg, and seize the first opportunity of crossing the river."

The last plan would have taken too much time, so I told him we felt full confidence in him, and promised him a handsome reward if we reached Paris in safety; and so we parted.

We had not much trouble at Meretch. When I produced my passports I said my business was of importance; an hour saved was sometimes worth a fortune to a merchant like me, and if the official would kindly assist me by paying any dues that were required, I should feel everlastingly indebted to him. So saying, I slipped a bag of money into his willing fingers. He gave a look of intelligence, glanced at my passports, and begged me not to dismount—there should not be a hindrance if he had the power to prevent it.

When out of the town my heart bounded. We were once more free! I trusted to join the girls in an hour or so, and lost no time on the road; but the path was a winding one, and there were numerous cross-roads; however, I took the river as my guide, and in course of time we reached a cottage, but could hear nothing of our little party. Further on we met an old woman, who made us understand that she had seen two girls whom a Russian was taking before the authorities, as he feared they were spies. "But they looked both good and modest, and my heart ached for them," she added, with a sigh. After giving her a trifle, we hastened on, and soon overtook my weary children. Ivan had seen some military resting in the cottage when he peeped in through the narrow window, and feared that unpleasant inquiries might be made, so he concocted this story, which he was sure would win the heart of any peasant.

The girls told me that the poor woman had been very kind; she had brought them black bread and cheese in her apron, and milk from her little dairy, though Ivan had pretended that he could not allow them to stop and rest. My daughters said that they would never forget his kindness and thoughtfulness; and indeed he has proved a most faithful servant; he is now my gamekeeper at ——. His master thought it would be scarcely prudent for him to return to Vladimer.

A day later I could not have left the capital, for I should have been in prison; for the authorities had heard that I was connected with the English press. Nothing could be more absurd; but such is Russia.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM—OPERATING A SNOW-PLOW ON A CITY RAILROAD.—[See Page 78.]

BURNING OF THE HYATT HOUSE, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.—From a Photograph by J. F. Barnes, Janesville.—[See Page 69.]

FIRE IN ALBANY, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. H. J. FELLOWS, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

THE LITTLE GOSSIP.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, lithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green in May,
Flitting to each blooming spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest;
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot;
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

"THE WANDERER RETURNED."—[BY HARRISON WEIR.]

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM.

THE terrible snow-storm of December 27, of which we gave an account at the time, has been surpassed by a second, which began on the night of January 16, and raged with great fury during the morning of January 17. The quantity of snow which fell in a few hours was most astonishing; and all the large cities of the Northern States were completely blocked up. Reports from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, and all New England represent the storm as raging in those States with great fury: and its equal in severity has not been known in many years. The streets and wharves of Boston were literally piled up with snow-banks, in many places six feet high. The shipping at the wharves presented a decidedly Arctic appearance, the snow having covered many vessels even with the rail. Railroad travel was every where obstructed, even the lines as far South as Virginia and Maryland being "snowed up."

Many sad and exciting incidents marked the storm. In Boston a little girl, twelve years of age, while returning from school, was smothered in the snow and lost. The police of Boston rescued and assisted to their homes twenty-seven children and over one hundred women, who otherwise would probably have perished in the snow. A train on the New Jersey Railroad ran off the track at Unionville, while two locomotives were pulling it, and two cars were smashed, and another and a locomotive were overturned. Several of the passengers were injured. A Hoboken ferry-boat was lying at the slip in Barclay Street, but unable to put in closer than within five feet of the bridge. The extension-board used to bridge over the space gave way under a heavy wagon laden with sewing-machines in wooden cases, and the wagon fell through on the rear. The piles of ice, however, were sufficiently frozen to support the weight, and after some delay the wagon was extricated.

The streets of New York city were almost completely blockaded, and the regular running of the horse-cars, ferries, stages, and similar public conveyances was for the time abandoned. The Superintendents of the various railroad lines set their snow-plows in motion soon after the storm began, in order to keep the track passable for the cars; but it was found necessary to employ a large number of snow-shovelers also to prevent the snow from completely choking up the roads. Double teams were attached to all the cars; yet it took nearly twice the length of time to make the trips. The snow accumulated in heavy piles, blocking up even the doorways of the stores to such a depth that many of the early-rising porters found it necessary to dig their way through the drifts to the keyholes of the store doors. Area-ways were filled until, judging from the surface of the snow, they were level with the street; stoops of mansions and hotels were buried in huge banks; and every tree in park and avenue was bowed beneath the weight of the feathery masses that lay deeply piled upon its outstretched arms. The heavy fall of snow of course produced fine sleighing, and the metropolis has since been the scene of a grand sleighing carnival.

A third heavy fall of snow occurred on the night of the 20th of January, followed by a drizzling rain, which soon rendered pedestrianism even more difficult than it was before, and for a day nearly put a stop to the running of vehicles.

We give an illustration elsewhere of the snow-plow which is used by the city railroad companies—a scene lately made familiar to our metropolitan readers, and needing no explanation to others.

FIRE IN ALBANY, NEW YORK.

WE give this week a photographic view of a late fire at Albany, New York, in which the building of Messrs. THOMPSON & ANDERSON, No. 12 Green Street, was destroyed. The night being the coldest of the season the water froze as fast as it fell on the outside of the building, and in the morning it presented a scene that, for picturesqueness and beauty, could hardly be equaled.

A GREAT STORY.

IT will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere that the NEW YORK WEEKLY is publishing another new story from the pen of the renowned romancer, LEON LEWIS. The name of this new production is "THE WATER WOLF; or, THE DEMON OF THE BERMUDAS;" and it is beyond question the very best romance which its talented author has yet given to the world.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—In noticing the operations of this large and enterprising establishment it may be proper for us to offer a remark in explanation of the reasons which induce us to call the attention of the community to a concern which has reached its eminence in public favor. It is our undeviating rule to exercise a scrupulous judgment in relation to business enterprises—never recommending any except such as we believe have been proved worthy and reliable, and whose system of business, uprightness of dealing with their customers, and ample capital to fulfill their engagements are fully established. When we know of an enterprise that will benefit the mass of our readers, we take pleasure in recommending it. Upon these principles we call attention to the advertisement of The Great American Tea Company, published in our advertising columns. The Company have several very large stores, located in different parts of the city, stocked with the best and most serviceable goods, which they are content to sell at merely living profits, as they have proved by their prices for the past five or six years. They have but *one price*, which is no small consideration to those who are dependent to any considerable degree upon servants or children to make purchases, or to those who wish to order from the country. By these rules alone the Company propose in the future to conduct their vast and rapidly augmenting trade. Believing that the ability and disposition of the Company are ample to perform all they promise, warrants us in calling special attention to them in our columns.

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Hepatitis means an affection of the substance of the Liver, its investing membranes, or both, and may involve the entire organ or only a portion of it—in each case presenting certain characteristic symptoms, which often lead the most competent physician astray in his treatment. What causes produce it? Among the many we mention a residence in a warm climate; exposure to miasmatic influences; violent and fatiguing bodily exertion; excessive use of rich animal food; intemperate drinking; the abuse of mercury; the suppression of accustomed discharges; paroxysms of violent emotion, as of anger, terror, &c.; and continued mental depression from grief, disappointment or anxiety. The predisposing causes are to be met with in every locality, and thousands of sufferers are daily undergoing a "regular course of medicine" at the hands of the medical profession, with no perceptible benefit. Let the wretched sufferer take hope. A SPECIFIC has been found in

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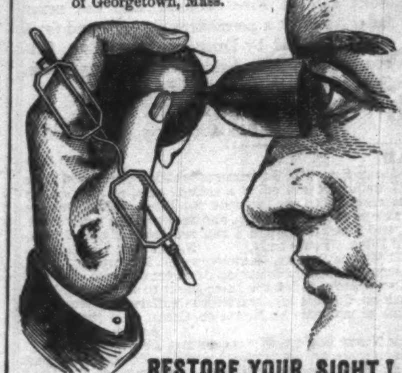

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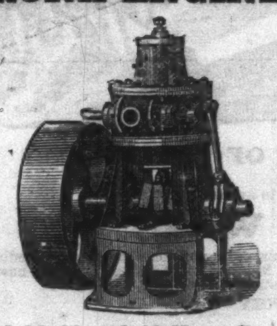
ROOT'S  PATENT.

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171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

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It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

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It is from the pen of that world-renowned romancer,

LEON LEWIS,

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OR,

THE DEMON OF THE BERMUDAS.

The mere announcement of a story by a writer so extensively and favorably known as LEON LEWIS would perhaps be enough to cause every body to read it, but "THE WATER WOLF" has especial claims to public approval, in that it is somewhat different from any thing else which its gifted author has thus far given to the world. As its title implies, it is a story of the Bermudas, and partakes largely of the wild, the weird, and the grand. The heroine is a most glorious creation—a creature all beauty and sunshine, tender, impulsive, generous, and courageous—who is cast away upon one of the Bermuda Islands, and falls into the hands of a desperate villain, who is a deadly enemy to her father. While here she encounters the dread scourge of the islands, the frightful WATER WOLF, the simple description of which fearful monster causes the flesh to creep with horror. The story is full of action at the very start, and the reader finds his attention enchained before he has read a dozen sentences. It is full of the most thrilling situations, and possesses a plot of the greatest intricacy and of the most ingenious character. THE WATER WOLF will unquestionably add greatly to the already great reputation of LEON LEWIS, and will undoubtedly be extensively read.

RECOLLECT THAT

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We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Club Orders.

OFFICE OF THE AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING CO.'S MACHINE SHOP,
MANCHESTER, N. H., *Jan.* 8, 1867.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTLEMEN,—Your Teas continue to give great satisfaction, and the Club is increasing; surely there is great growling among the grocers, and very ridiculous statements made by some of them. This is my sixth order. I raised the full amount in about three hours. You may send by Kingsley's Express as before.

Please send some papers and slips of prices. You will notice several amounts for best G. P. at $1 50 on the list. Please see that no nails protrude through the box—and that is all, I believe.

I remain your obedient servant,

FRANK T. E. RICHARDSON.

SIXTH ORDER OF THIS CLUB.

1 lb. Green Tea, best, Frank Hall	at $1 25	$1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Frank Hall	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Green Tea, best, Mrs. Buckman	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, John T. Spofford	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, P. H. Stark	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Green Tea, best, P. H. Stark	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, Jno. C. French	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, J. G. George	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Seth T. Hill	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, F. P. Sargent	at 1 00	3 00
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, J. L. Bean	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, G. P. James	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder Tea, best, J. G. George	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, B. F. Garland	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, Thos. Wilson	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson Tea, best, J. Morse	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Young Hyson, best, C. K. Haines	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, C. K. Haines	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, J. T. Morrison	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, J. T. Morrison	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, L. Kidder	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Abram Smith	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, H. T. Mowatt	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, Wm. Flanders	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Wm. Flanders	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, W. H. Wilson	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Gunp. Tea, best, W. H. Wilson	at 1 50	3 00
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, Frank Prince	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong, best, Geo. Sawyer	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Japan, best, S. M. Stanton	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong, best, B. O'Connor	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Oolong, best, D. O. Danforth	at 1 00	2 00
4 lbs. Japan, best, P. H. Stark	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb. Green, best, P. H. Stark	at 1 25	1 25
5 lbs. Oolong, best, N. M. Smith	at 1 00	5 00
2 lbs. Oolong, best, Jno. Murphy	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Oolong, best, Oliver Jackson	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, P. Scollard	at 1 00	2 00
4 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, W. A. Hackett	at 1 00	4 00
1 lb. Young Hyson, best, J. N. Marshall	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder, best, D. F. Phersons	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Chas. McCoy	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, B. W. Green	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Oolong Tea, F. Bachner	at 70	2 10
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, L. L. Sweatt	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, John L. Avery	at 1 25	1 25
Carried up		$82 85

Brought up		$82 85
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, R. E. Frye	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Gunpowder Tea, best, J. L. Stevans	at 1 50	1 50
5 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, R. S. Eastman	at 1 25	6 25
2 lbs. Gunpowder, best, D. W. Morse	at 1 50	3 00
2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, D. W. Morse	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, J. P. Stark	at 70	1 40
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, W. E. Stevans	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, C. E. Krugher	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder Tea, best, A. M. Patten	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb. Gunp., best, A. M. Patten's father	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb. Young Hyson, best, S. B. Putnam	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder, best, S. B. Putnam	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, S. B. Putnam	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, S. B. Putnam	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Gunpowder Tea, E. Chandler	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Gunpowder, best, Mrs. Gordon	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Ed. Bolton	at 1 00	3 00
1 lb. Japan Tea, best, S. N. Roby	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson Tea, best, S. N. Roby	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson, best, Mrs. Ranlett	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson, best, Mrs. Peasley	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, A. B. Chase	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Gunpowder Tea, best, T. N. Bond	at 1 50	3 00
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Sidney Smith	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, Mrs. Conway	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, Jas. Conway	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Jas. Conway	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, A. Bohan	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial Tea, best, P. Manning	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, John Scully	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson, Alex. McAllister	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Alex. McAllister	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder, best, Wm. H. Emory	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs. R'd Ungr. Coffee, best, J.C.Ricker	at 40	1 60
4 lbs. Gr. Coffee, best, J. F. Phersons	at 40	1 60
2 lbs. Raw Coffee, best, L. L. Sweatt	at 35	70
2 lbs. R'd Ungr. Coffee, best, R. E. Frye	at 40	80
2 lbs. R'd Ungr. Cof., best, A. M. Patten	at 40	80
3 lbs. R'd Ungr. Java, best, A. B. Chase	at 40	1 20
10 lbs. Oolong, best, Miss Thompson	at 1 00	10 00
8 lbs. Japan, best, Miss Thompson	at 1 25	10 00
2 lbs. Japan, best, Mrs. Henry	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Green, best, D. H. Maxfield	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong, best, D. H. Maxfield	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Raw Java, D. H. Maxfield	at 35	35
Total		$177 30

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store*.

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street*. This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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